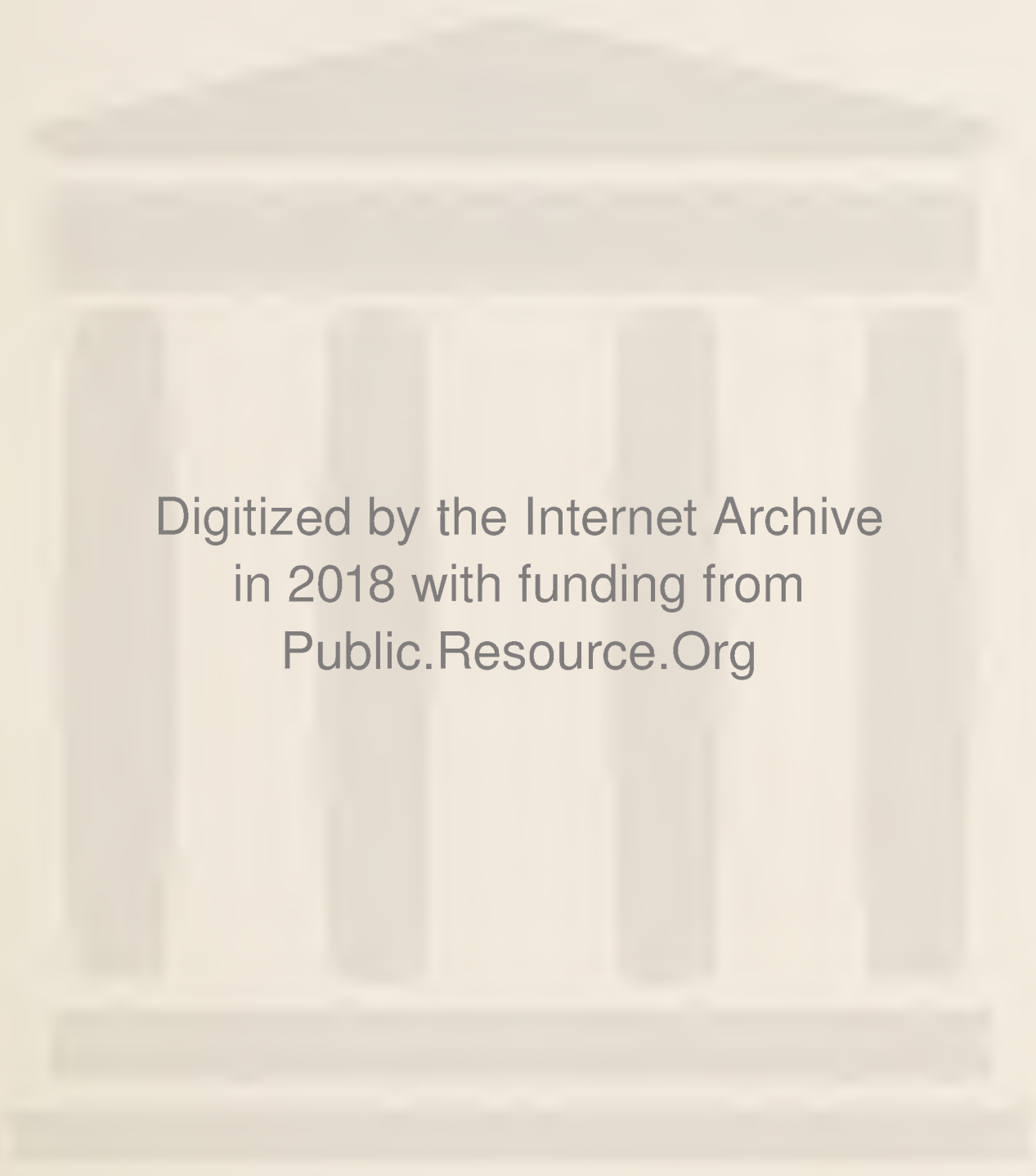


غالب
بہ صد انداز
Ghalib: A Hundred Moods
گھالیب کے سौ انداز

Ghalib: A Hundred Moods: a selection of 100 couplets of the greatest of Urdu poets, neither represents his best nor is it according to any particular theme. And yet, this selection is unique—for, as the reader can see, each of the couplets has been translated into stone. This has been made possible by Brijendra Sayal who has spent a lifetime not only in collecting these stone specimens but chiselling them into a fineness where they reflect the essence of Ghalib.

The English translation of the couplets included in the volume has been accomplished by Dr. O.P. Kejariwal, Nehru Fellow, and a historian of repute. Dr. Vimlesh Kanti Verma of the DAV College, Delhi, has done the phonetic transcription of the couplets.

Artists like Chughtai and Sadiqain have made Ghalib's poetry the subject of their paintings but here, for the first time, Ghalib has been portrayed through stone. In this sense, the book is unique.



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غالب بہ صد انداز
Ghalib: A Hundred Moods
ग़ालिब के सौ अंदाज़

BRIJENDRA SAYAL

Sculpture

O.P. KEJARIWAL

English Translation

VIMLESH KANTI VERMA

Phonetic Transcription



PUBLICATIONS DIVISION
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Editor's Note

Ghalib : a Hundred Moods—a selection of one hundred couplets of the great poet, certainly does not represent his best, nor is it based on any particular theme. And yet, the selection is unique—for each of the couplets selected has been, as the reader can see, translated into stone.

This has been made possible by Brijendra Sayal, who has so chiselled each of these stone pieces, painstakingly collected over the years, as to convey the essence of the couplets of Ghalib.

Sayal, has a collection of over four hundred such pieces. At our request, he made a selection of what he considered his hundred best. The English translation of the couplets has been accomplished by Dr. O.P. Kejariwal, a Nehru Fellow and a historian of repute. It was not a voluntary task for him. When we went through all the important published translations of Ghalib, it was felt that we could do with a fresh one, and on seeing Dr. Kejariwal's translation of a couple of those selected, we persuaded him to do the rest. We are indeed glad that he undertook the difficult task.

Our acknowledgements are due also to Dr. Vimlesh Kanti Verma, Reader, P.G. D.A.V. College Delhi for giving a phonetic transcription of the couplets.

Hari Om Mehra, Staff Photographer of the Division, photographed the stone pieces and got the transparencies prepared. Credit for the layout and cover design goes to Asha Saxena.

The combined efforts of Abrar Rahmani, Assistant Editor; D.N. Gandhi, Joint Director; and S. Roy, Production Officer, went into getting the book published in time. Our special thanks are also due to Aiwan-e-Ghalib and Ghalib Academy for their valuable assistance in its preparation.

For each one of us involved with the project, the task has been one of pleasure because of the main spirit behind this book—Mirza Asadullah Khan—known to all as 'Ghalib'. Perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most popular of Urdu poets, Ghalib was born on 27 December 1797 at Agra. Having lost his father Abdullah Beg at an early age, Ghalib was brought up by his uncle Nasrullah Beg, who too died early. Notwithstanding an informal and irregular education, Ghalib matured early. It is said that his true mentor was Maulana Abdus Samad Hormzud, who had come from Iran and stayed in Ghalib's house for nearly two years, with the young Ghalib as his pupil. Although it is difficult to say when exactly Ghalib started writing poetry (probably when he was eight or nine), it is indeed astonishing to note that he had completed his major work—**Diwan-e-Urdu** (first published in 1841)—before he turned nineteen.

It was about this time that he shifted his interests from Urdu to Persian, an interest to which he would return only some thirty years later. And when he did so his poetry was no better or no worse than his earlier works.

The corpus of his Persian writings includes mainly collections of letters and the first volume of the two-volumed history of the Taimur dynasty, for which he was commissioned by the then Emperor, Bahadur Shah Zafar himself, on a monthly salary of Rs. 50/-. It is an indifferent work interrupted partly by Ghalib's own lack of interest and partly by the events of 1857.

In a way, Ghalib was fortunate. In a span of 72 years (1797-1869), he lived through an eventful period of Indian history : the decline of the Mughals, the rise of the British Empire, its zenith and the first widespread resentment and uprising against it. He himself escaped unscathed during the revolt but was witness to the large number of hangings which followed it. Having seen "it all" he was to ruminate later :

This world is a child's play
It unfolds its drama
Night and day.
From where I stand
I see it all
It goes on
On and on.

Ghalib's life was an eventful one, mirroring the turbulent times in which he lived. Fond of the good things of life, he struggled throughout his life to attain the means to afford them. His mainstay was the pension he received from the British Government on behalf of his deceased uncle, Nasrullah Khan. Then, because of the machinations of his relatives, the Government reduced the pension to half. Ghalib, alleging forgery, struggled to have this restored, petitioning the Court of Directors of the East India Company in London and, finally, Queen Victoria herself. He was successful only in 1860, but was so deep in debt by then that whatever he received by way of arrears was all used to pay off his debts.

Though plagued by financial worries for most of his adult life, Ghalib seldom let this come in the way of his hedonistic attitude to life. Incidents in Ghalib's life have become the stuff of legends as in the case of no other Urdu poet. So also his poetry, which is the stuff of many a conversation and which has been on the lips of people, generation after generation. He is indeed the most quoted poet in Urdu.

And this is what gives him a special place in history, in literature and in popular imagination. Ghalib had many drawbacks of human character : he drank and gambled. Almost all his life he was deep in debt. Given these and many other failings, Ghalib's name might well have sunk into obscurity, if not clouded by notoriety, but it is redeemed by his poetry. We remember him today, not for his frailties, but for his poetry which is sublime—as we hope this unique volume will bear out.

KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION

a is pronounced like the u in but or the o in son.

\bar{a} is pronounced like a in far.

\dot{i} is pronounced like i in pin or it.

\bar{i} is pronounced like i in machine.

u is pronounced like u in put or the o in book.

\bar{u} is pronounced like u in june or oo in fool.

e is pronounced as a in cake or male.

ai is pronounced somewhat like a in mad or sad.

o is pronounced as o in cold or sold.

au is pronounced somewhat like aw in saw or lawn.

\tilde{a} $\tilde{\bar{a}}$ \tilde{i} $\tilde{\bar{i}}$ \tilde{u} $\tilde{\bar{u}}$ \tilde{e} \tilde{ai} \tilde{o} \tilde{au} are pronounced as nasalised forms of the respective vowels.

k is pronounced like k in speaker.

kh is pronounced like ckh in blockhead.

g is pronounced as the g in go.

gh is pronounced as gh in loghouse.

\dot{n} is pronounced as ng in sing.

c is pronounced like ch in much.

ch is pronounced like chh (as a single sound) in church-hill.

j is pronounced as j in jug.

jh is pronounced as dgeh (as a single sound) in hedgehog.

\tilde{n} is pronounced somewhat like n in pinch. It is more or less like a nasalised y of yes.

\dot{t} is pronounced somewhat similar to t in part but with the tongue curled backwards.

$\dot{t}h$ is pronounced like th in thin with a louder aspiration. It is aspirated form of \dot{t} .

\dot{d} is pronounced similar to d in hard.

$\dot{d}h$ is pronounced like dh as a single sound in child-hood.

\dot{n} is a retroflex nasal sound and is pronounced as in the case of \dot{t} and \dot{d} with the tip of the tongue curled backwards and touching the top of the palate.

t is similar to Italian pronunciation of t.
th is aspirated form of t.
d is similar to Italian pronunciation of Italian d.
dh is aspirated form of d.
n is pronounced like n in not.
p is pronounced a p in palm
ph is pronounced as ph (as a single sound) in loophole
b is pronounced as b in bad.
bh is aspirated form of b and is pronounced like bh (as a single sound) in club-house.
m is pronounced as m in mother.
y is pronounced like y in young
r is pronounced by the tip of the tongue tapping several times in quick succession against the ridge of the upper teeth. It is a trilled and voiced consonant. It is pronounced like r in Ram.
l is pronounced like l in log.
v is pronounced like w in wind.
ś is pronounced like sh in shut.
s is pronounced s in some.
h is pronounced like h in behind.
ṛ is a retroflex flapped consonant and is pronounced by curling the tip of the tongue backwards and by flapping i.e. striking with a jerk, against as wide an area of the top of the palate. It is a voiced sound. It is similar to American r in very.
ṛh is aspirated form of ṛ.
q is voiceless sound and is produced by pronouncing k as far back in the throat.
x and g are pronounced much farther back than kh and ḡ. They also differ since the air passage is only narrowed down but not closed as in pronouncing kha and g. In the pronunciation of these sounds one can feel the friction
z is pronounced as z in zero.
f is pronounced as f in father.





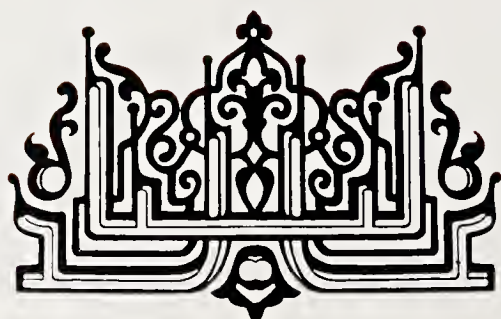
نقش، فریادی ہے کس کی شوخی تحریر کا
کاغذی ہے پیرہن ہر پیکر تصویر کا

naqs̄ fariyādi hai, kiskī sóxie taharīr kā
kāgazi hai pairahan, har paikare tasvīr kā

(Like in the Iran of old
A subject with a plaint
Written on raiment
Woven of paper
Appeared before
The Emperor
So do) I
Wear this raiment
Woven of paper
With every couplet
Being my plea
And my woe
That cries out for relief.

नक्शा¹ फरियादी है, किसकी शोखी-ए-तहरीर² का
कागज़ी है पिरहन³, हर पैकर-ए-तस्वीर⁴ का

1. तस्वीर, चित्र 2. रचना की सुंदरता 3. वस्त्र : प्राचीन ईरान में यह रिवाज था
कि फरियाद करने वाले कागज के कपड़े पहनकर आते थे 4. चित्र का आकार



ڈھانپ کفن نے داغِ عیوبِ برہنگی
میں، ورنہ ہر لباس میں ننگِ وجود تھا

dhāpā kafan ne dāge uyūbe barahnagī
maī, varnah har libās mē nange vujūd thā

No raiment doth hide
The nakedness of life
It's only the shroud
Which will cloud
All signs of my vice.

ढांपा कफन ने दागे उयूबे बरहन्गी¹
मै वर्नः हर लिबास में नंगे वजूद² था



ہے کہاں تمنا کا دوسرا قدم یارب
ہم نے دشتِ امکاں کو ایک نقشِ پایا

hai kahā tamannā kā dūsrā qadam yārab
hamne daste imkā ko ek naqsē pā pāyā

Oh this burning desire
Boundless as it is
What will be
Its next step Indeed ?

ہے کھائے تمنا کا دوسرا قدم یارب
ہم نے دشتِ امکاں¹ کو، ایک نقشِ پایا² پایا

1. संभावना 2. पद चिन्ह



غنچه پھر لگا کھلنے، آج ہم نے اپنا دل
خوں کیسا ہوا دیکھا، گم کیسا ہوا پایا

guncah phir lagā khilne, āj hamne apnā dil
xū kiyā huā dekhā, gum kiyā huā pāyā

The spring
Is come again
And all around
Again
The flowers have taken bloom
I too have found my heart
Lost and stained with blood.

गुंचा¹ फिर लगा खिलने, आज हमने अपना दिल
खूँ किया हुआ देखा, गुम किया हुआ पाया



تھی نو آموز فنا، ہمت دُشوار پسند
سخت مشکل ہے کہ، یہ کام بھی آساں نکلا

thī nao āmoze fanā, himmate duśvār-pasand
saxt muskil hai ki yah kām bhī āsā niklā

One would have thought
Surely nothing ought
To be more difficult
Or courageous
Than death itself.
But now alas
What is so difficult
Is that
Death itself
Is so easy.

थी नौआमोज-ए-फना¹, हिम्मत-ए-दुश्वार-पसन्द²
सख्त मुश्किल है कि यह काम भी आसाँ निकला

1. मृत्यु से अनभिज्ञ 2. कठिनाइयों से जूझने वाला साहस



حریفِ جوشِ دریا، نہیں خودداریِ ساحل
جہاں ساقی ہو تو، باطل ہے دعویٰ ہوشیاری کا

harīfe jośīse dariyā nahī, xuddārie sāhil
jahā sāki ho tū, bātil hai dāvā hośiyārī kā

Can the river's bank
Withstand
The onslaught of the tide?
And can one boast of
Sobriety
With the Saqi
Standing by?

हरीफे¹ जोशिशो दरिया² नहीं खुददारी-ए-साहिल³
जहां साकी⁴ हो तू, बातिल⁵ है दावा होशियारी का

1. प्रतिद्वन्द्वी 2. समुद्र का प्चार 3. तट का स्वाभिमान
4. पिलाने वाला 5. निष्फल



میں اور ایک آفت کا ٹکڑا وہ دلِ وحشی کہ ہے
عافیت کا دشمن اور آوارگی کا آشنا

maĩ, aur ik āfat kā tukrā, vo dile-vahsī ki hai
āfiyat kā duśman aor āvārgī kā āśnā

I with this heart of mine
Wayward and wild
My enemy of peace
Condemning me
To endless wandering.

مैं और एक आफत का टुकड़ा वो: दिले वहशी¹ कि है
आफियत² का दुश्मन और आवारगी का आशाना

1. बेचैन दिल 2. शांति

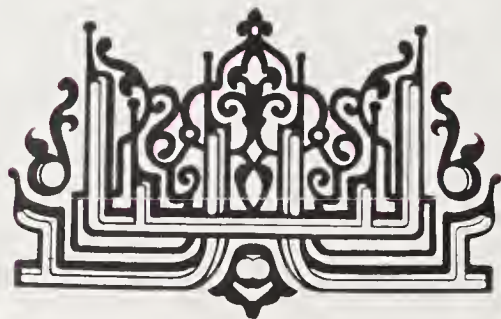


بس کہ دشوار ہے ہر کام کا آساں ہونا
آدمی کو بھی میسر نہیں انساں ہونا

bas ki duśvār hai, har kām kā āsā honā
ādmī ko bhī muyassar nahī, insā honā

It is so difficult
For everything
To become
So easy
As is indeed
Most difficult
For a man
To become
A human being !

बस के: दुश्वार¹ है हर काम का आसाँ होना
आदमी को भी मुयस्सर² नहीं इन्साँ होना



की मरे क़त्ल के बाद उसने जफ़ा से ताबे
होना उस ज़ूद पशेमाँ का पशेमाँ होना

kī mere qatl ke bād, usne jafā se taobā
hāi us zūd pašemā kā pašemā honā

Yes she vowed
To shed
Her cruelty
But by then
I had been
Slayed !
Oh ! to witness
Her repentance
She was indeed
A picture
Of repentance itself !

की मेरे क़त्ल के बाद उसने जफ़ा¹ से ताबे:
होना उस ज़ूद पशेमाँ² का पशेमाँ होना!

1. निर्दयता 2. तुरन्त लज्जित होने वाला

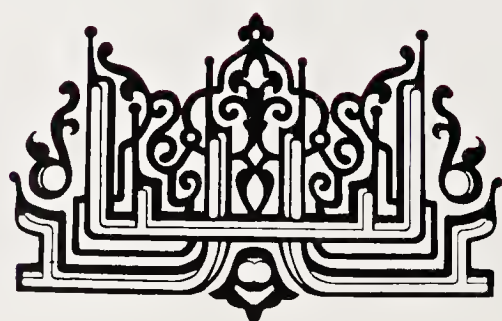


دل کو ہم صرف وفا سمجھے تھے، کیا معلوم تھا
یعنی یہ پہلے ہی نذر امتحان ہو جائے گا

dil ko ham sarfe vafā samjhe the, kyā mālum thā
yānī, yah pahle hī nazre imtihā ho jāyegā

The heart, oh the heart
Once the symbol of loyaltȳ.
But alas ! it became
The first sacrifice
On the altar of love
In the test of loyaltȳ !

दिल को हम सर्फे वफा¹ समझे थे, क्या मालूम था
यानी ये: पहले ही नज़रे इम्तिहां² हो जाएगा



خمشى مى نهما؁ نون كشته لاکھوں آرزوئى ہى
چراغ مردہ ہوں؁ مى بے زباں؁ گورِ غرىباں كا

xamoši mē nihā, xūgaśtah lākhō ārzūē hai
carāge-murdā hū, maī bezubā, gore garibā kā

In my silence
Lie my desires
By the myriads
Slain and dead.
And I remain
A blown-out lamp
Lone and alone
On a forlorn grave.

खमोशी में निहाँ¹ खूँ गश्तः² लाखों आरजूएँ³ हैं
चरगो मुर्दः हूँ मैं बेज़बाँ गोरे गरीबाँ⁴ का

1. गुप्त 2. जिसका खून हो चुका हो 3. कामनाएँ 4. समाधि स्थल



ہنوز اک پر تو نقشِ خیال یار باقی ہے
دلِ افسردہ، گویا حجر ہے یوسف کے زنداں کا

hanūz ik partave naqsé xayāle yār bāqī hai
dil-e-afsurdah goyā, hujrah hai yūsuf ke zindā kā

A heart full of dejection
And this dark prison cell !
But yet that ray of hope
Which brings back memories
Of you
Have turned this prison cell
Into the prison cell
Of Joseph !

हनूज़¹ इक परतवे नक्शे² ख्याले यार बाकी है
दिले अफसुर्द³ : , गोया हुजर⁴ है यूसुफ⁵ के ज़िन्दā⁶ का

1. अभी तक 2. छाया का चिन्ह 3. उदास हृदय 4. कोठरी
5. एक अवतार का नाम 6. कारावास, जेल



قید میں ہے ترے وحشی کو وہی زلف کی یاد
ہاں کچھ اک رنج گراں باری زنجیر بھی تھا

qaid mē hai tere vahsī ko, vahī zulf ki yād
hā kuch ek ranje garābarīe zanjir bhī thā

Oh! the grief and the burden
Of the life in the prison.
The weight of the chains
Grows all the more
When I recall
Your tresses flowing wild and free.

قैद में है तेरे वहशी¹ को, वही ज़ुल्फ की याद
हाँ कुछ एक रंजे गरँ बारि-ए-ज़ंजीर² भी था

1. पागल 2. जंजीर के बोझ का कष्ट



منظراک بلندی پر اور ہم بنا سکتے
عرش سے ادھر ہوتا کاش کہ مکاں اپنا

manzar ik bulandī par, aor ham banā sakte
ars se idhar hotā kāś ke makā apnā

No matter how far
The eyes can see
There's still the limit
Of the azure skies.
Were I to build a house
I would build a house
Beyond the skies
From where I could see
Beyond the stars
Beyond the skies.

मंज़र¹ इक बुलन्दी² पर और हम बना सकते
अर्श³ से इधर होता काश के मकाँ अपना

1. दृश्य 2. ऊँचाई 3. आकाश



یہ نہ تھی ہماری قسمت کہ وصالِ یار ہوتا
اگر اور جیتے رہتے یہی انتظار ہوتا

ye na thī hamārī qismat, ki visāle yār hotā
agar aor jīte rahte, yahī intazār hotā

It's just not my fate
That this wait
Ends
And we unite.
What if this life
Were longer
For longer
Would be the wait !

ये: न: थी हमारी किस्मत के: विसाले¹ यार होता
अगर और जीते रहते, यही इन्तिज़ार होता



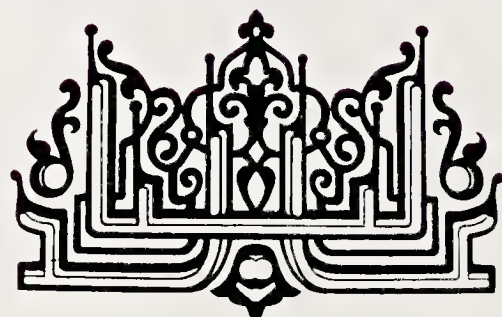
گرچہ ہوں دیوانہ، پر کیوں دوست کا کھاؤں فریب
آستیں میں دشتہ پنہاں، ہاتھ میں نشتر کھلا

garce hū dīvānah, par kyū dost kā khāū fareb
āsti mē dasnah pinhā, hāth men nāstar khulā

Granted I am mad
But should this mean
That I be deceived
And that by a friend
With a dagger up her sleeve
While on display
Is a lancet that heals.

गरचे हूँ दीवानः पर क्यूँ दोस्त का खाऊँ फरेब
आस्ती में दशनः¹ पिन्हाँ² हाथ में नशतर³ खुला

1. कटार 2. गुप्त 3. शल्य



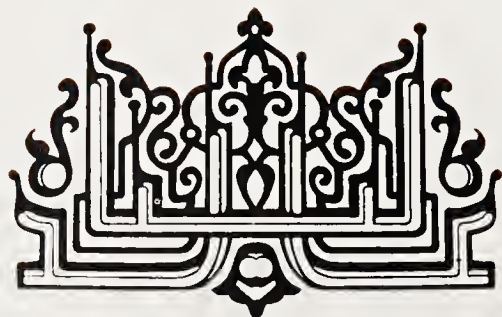
ہے خیالِ حُسن میں حُسنِ عمل کا سا خیال
خُلد کا اک در ہے میری گور کے اندر کھلا

hai xayāle husn men husne amal ka sa xayāl
xuld ka ik dar hai, merī gor ke andar khulā

Beauty is virtue
And beauty did I pursue
And so found a door
In my dark tomb
Did open
On
To Paradise !

है ख्याले हुस्न में हुस्ने अमल¹ का सा ख्याल
खुल्द² का इक दर है मेरी गोर³ के अंदर खुला

1. कार्य 2. स्वर्ग 3. समाधि



در پہ رہنے کو کہا، اور کہہ کے کیسا پھر گیا
جتنے عرصے میں مرا لپٹا ہوا بستر کھلا

dar pe rahne ko kahā aor kah ke kaisā phir gayā
jitne arse mē merā liptā huā bistar khulā

And thus she changes
Her mind.
This moment she
Tells me to stay
And before I unpack
She asks me
To go away.

در¹ پہ: رھنے کو کہا اور کہ کے کسسا فیر گیا
جیتنے ارسے میں مےرا لپٹا ہوا بستر کھلا



رات دن گردش میں ہیں سات آسماں
ہو رہے گا کچھ نہ کچھ گھبرا ئیں کیا!

rāt din gardīś mē haī sāt āsmā
ho rahegā kuch nā kuch, ghabrāyē kyā

Day and night
Without a pause
The seven skies
Revolve !
Why worry then
For something will happen
If not this
Then surely that !

रात दिन गर्दिश¹ में हैं सात आसमाँ
हो रहेगा कुछ नः कुछ, घबराएँ क्या

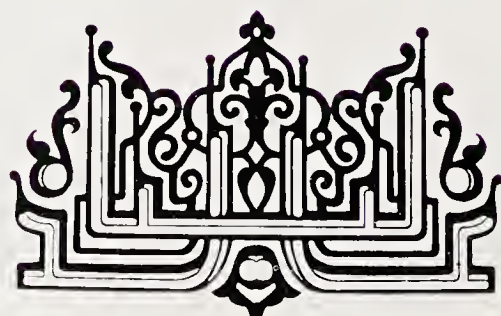


پوچھتے ہیں وہ کہ غالب کون ہے ؟
کوئی بتلاؤ کہ ہم بتلائیں کیا

pūchte hai vo ki gālib kāon hai?
koī batlāo ki ham batlāi kyā?

She asks
Who after all
Is Ghalib.
Somebody tell me
What is that something
I can tell
In reply.

पूछते हैं वो: कि 'ग़ालिब' कौन है?
कोई बतलाओ कि हम बतलाएँ क्या



جمع کرتے ہو کیوں رقیبوں کو
اک تماشا ہوا، گلا نہ ہوا

jamā karte ho kyū raqibō ko
ik tamāśā huā gilā na huā

Why should you gather
All my rivals ?
Think you it will
Be my trial ?
But no my love
It will only be
One big fun !

जम्अ: करते हो क्यूँ रक्बीबों' को
इक तमाशा: हुआ, गिला न: हुआ



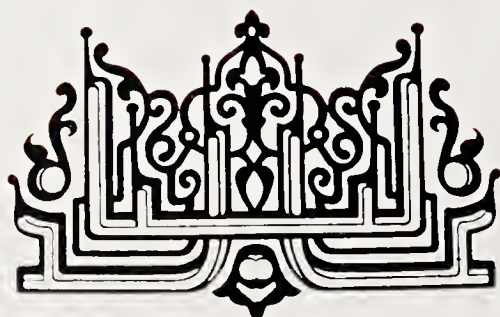
شمع بجھتی ہے تو اس میں سے دھواں اُٹھتا ہے
شمع عشق سیہ پوش ہوا میرے بعد

śamma bujhtī hai, to usmē se dhuā uthtā hai
śolae isq siyahpoś huā mere bād

The black smoke
All that remains
Of the dying flame.
So like the cloak
That is cast
Over love's bright flame
When I am gone.

शमअ बुझती है तो उसमें से धुआँ उठता है
शोल:-ए-इश्क़ सियहपोश¹ हुआ मेरे बाद

1. बिल्कुल काला



ان آبلوں سے پاؤں کے گھبرا گیا تھا میں
جی خوش ہو ہے راہ کو پرخار دیکھ کر

in āblō se pāo ke ghabrā gayā thā maē
jī khuś huā hai rāh ko purxār dekh kar

The blisters on my feet
Horrified me
Till I saw
With joy
The path
Full of thorns !

इन आबलों से पाँव के घबरा गया था मैं
जी खुश हुआ है राह को पुरखार' देखकर



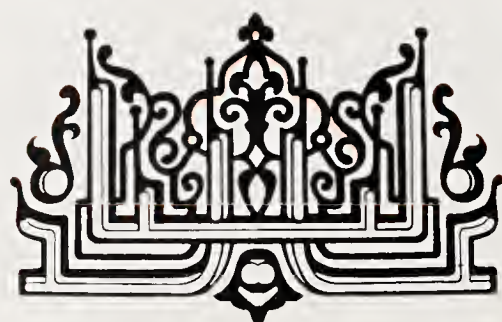
ہرچند سُبک دست ہوتے بُت شکنی میں
ہم ہیں، تو ابھی راہ میں ہے سنگِ گراں اور

har cand subukdast hue butsikni mē
ham hai to abhi rāh mē hai sange girā aor

Indeed I excel
In idol break
But oh for that stone
That heavy stone
That lies in the way !

हरचन्द सुबुकदस्त¹ हुए बुतशिकनी² में
हम हैं, तो अभी राह में है संगे गिराँ³ और

1. वह हाथ जिसमें सफाई हो 2. मूर्ति तोड़ना 3. भारी पत्थर



ہوں گرفتارِ اُفتِ صیاد
ورنہ باقی ہے طاقتِ پرواز

hū giriftāre ulfate saiyād
varnah, bāqī hai tāqate parvāz

I could also take wing.
Yet I remain
Enslaved
For what
But the love
For the hunter !

हूँ गिरिफ़तारे उल्फते सैय्याद¹
वर्नः बाकी है ताक़ते परवाज़²

1. शिकारी का प्रेम 2. उड़ने की शक्ति



دہن شیر میں جا بیٹھیے، لیکن اے دل
نہ کھڑے ہو جیے خوبانِ دل آزار کے پاس

dahane sér mē jā baiṭhiye, lekin ai dil
na khare hojiye xūbāne dilāzār ke pās

Oh the heart !
Better it is
To dwell in the mouth
Of the dreaded lion
Rather than stand
Beside the beloved
Fair and of beauty
But who
So torments.

दहने शेर¹ में जा बैठिए, लेकिन ऐ दिल
नः खड़े होजिए खूबाने दिलआज़ार² के पास

1. शेर का मुँह 2. हृदय दुखाने वाले प्रेमी



دام ہر موج میں ہے حلقہٴ صد کام نہنگ
دیکھیں کیا گزرے ہے قطرے پہ گہرا ہونے تک

dāme har maoj mē hai, halqah-e-sadkāme nihang
dekhē kyā guzre hai qatre pe, guhar hone tak

For I would be the drop
That turns into a pearl
But the dangers all around
With crocodiles ferocious
With open jaws.

دامہ हर मौज¹ में है हलक़ए-सदकामे निहंग²
देखें क्या गुज़रे है क़तरے³ पे: गुहर⁴ होने तक

1. हर एक लहर का जाल 2. सैकड़ों मगरमच्छों के खुले जबड़े 3. बूंद
4. मोती



غم ہستی کا اسد! کس سے ہو جز مرگ، علاج
شمع ہر رنگ میں جلتی ہے سحر ہونے تک

game hasti kā, asad kis se ho juz marg ilāj
śamma har rang mē jaltī hai sahar hone tak

Only death can end
The pain of the moth
Playing with the flame.
And yet the flame
Must burn on
In all its colour
Till the dawn !

ग़मे हस्ती¹ का 'असद'! किससे हो जुज़² मर्ग³, इलाज
शमअ हर रंग में जलती है सहर⁴ होने तक

1. जीवन के दुख 2. सिवाय 3. मृत्यु 4. प्रातःकाल



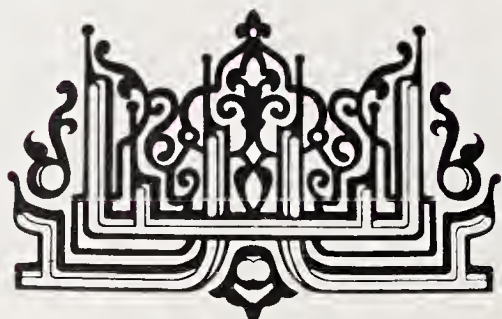
तिरे ही जलवे का है ये धोका का आज तक
बे اختیار دوڑے है گل در قفائے گل

tere hī jalve kā hai yah dhokā, ki āj tak
beixtiyār daore hai gul dar qafāe gul

Deceived by your beauty
Rose after rose
Blooms and pursues
One after the other
In eager
Chase.

तेरे ही जलवे का है ये: धोका का: आज तक
बेइख्तियार दौड़े है गुल दर कफा-ए-गुल¹

1. फूल के पीछे फूल



مجھ کو دیارِ غیبر میں مارا وطن سے دور
رکھ لی مرے خُدا نے، مری بیکسی کی شرم

mujhko dayāre gair mē mārā, vatan se dūr
rakh lī mere xudā ne, merī bekasī kī śarm

Oh for a death
In a foreign land
Far from a country
That's my own.
And so has God
Saved me from disgrace
Of my own
Helplessness !

मुझको दयारे गैर¹ में मारा वतन से दूर
रख ली मेरे खुदा ने मेरी बेकसी की शर्म



ہم سے کھل جاؤ یہ وقت ہے پرستی ایک دن
ورنہ ہم چھپیں گے رکھ کر عذرِ مستی ایک دن

hamse khul jāo, bavaqte mai parastī ek din
varnah ham cherēge rakhkar uzre mastī ek din

Just once
Oh just once
Come share the cup
And abandon behind
All modesty
Or else
There will be time
When I shall take liberties
And blame it all
On inebriety !

ہم سے खुल जाओ बवाक्ते मय परस्ती¹ एक दिन
वर्नः हम छेड़ेंगे रखकर उज्रे मस्ती² एक दिन

1. मदिरा पीते समय 2. मस्ती का बहाना



تھی وہ ایک شخص کے تصور سے
اب وہ رعنائی خیال کہاں

thī vo ik śaxs ke tasavvur se
ab vo rānāie xayāl kahā ?

All my thought
Was full of beauty
For behind it all
Was your beauty
Now with that beauty gone
So have my thoughts
Who knows indeed
Where both have gone ?

थी वो: इक शख्स¹ के तसव्वुर² से
अब वो: रानाई-ए-ख्याल³ कहाँ

1. व्यक्ति 2. कल्पना 3. सौंदर्य की कल्पना



مگر غبار ہوتے پر، ہوا اڑالے جائے
وگر نہ تاب و تو ان بال و پر میں خاک نہیں

magar gubār hue par, havā urā le jāe
vagarnah tāb-o-tavā, bālo par mē xāk nahī

This body
May it turn to dust
And let the wild wind
Carry it far and wide
Otherwise
Where is the strength
In the featherless wings
To make me fly ?

मगर गुबार¹ हुए पर हवा उड़ा ले जाए
वगर्नः ताब-ओ-तवाँ² बाल-ओ-पर³ में खाक नही

1. धूल, मिट्टी 2. सहन शक्ति 3. पंख



منظر لگے نہ کہیں، اُس کے دست و بازو کو
یہ لوگ کیوں مرے زخمِ جگر کو دیکھتے ہیں

nazar lage na kahī, uske dast-o-bāzū ko
ye log kyū mere zaxme jigar ko dekhte hai

Her hand and arm
Be protected from harm
Of all evil eyes.
But why these stares
At the wounds of my heart
Caused so deep
Oh so deep !

नज़र लगे नः कहीं उसके दस्त-ओ-बाज़ू¹ को
येः लोग क्यूँ मेरे ज़ख्मे जिगर को देखते हैं

1. हाथ और बांह



ہے پرے سرحدِ ادراک سے اپنا مسجود
قبیلے کو اہل نظر، قبلہ نما کہتے ہیں

hai pare sarhade idrāk se, apnā masjūd
qible ko ahle nazar qiblanumā kahte hai

Him we worship
Yet know Him not
He is the unknowable.
For those who know
The Ka'ba means
Only the direction.

ہے پرے سرحدِ ادراک¹ سے اپنا مسجود²
قبیلے³ کو، اہل نظر⁴، قبلہ نما⁵ کہتے ہیں

1. ج्ञान की सीमा 2. जिसके आगे माथा टेका गया हो (खुदा)
3. मुसलमानों का तीर्थस्थान 4. पारखी 5. दिग्दर्शक यंत्र

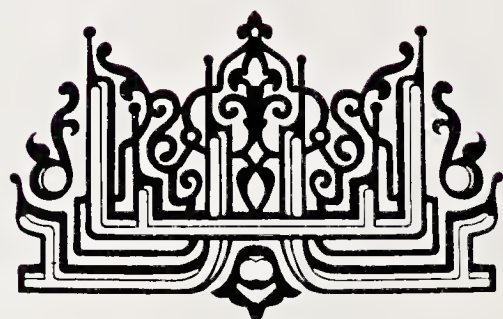


ناپھرنہ انتظار میں نیند آئے عمر بھر
آنے کا عہد کر گئے، آئے جو خواب میں

tā phir na intezār mē nīd āye umr bhar
āne kā ahd kar gaye, āye jo xwāb mē

Oh for the curse
Of sleepless nights
Which I shall bear
Forever through life
For she promised to come
In one of my dreams !

ता फिर नः इन्तिज़ार में नींद आए उम्र भर
आने का अहद¹ कर गए, आए जो ख़्वाब में

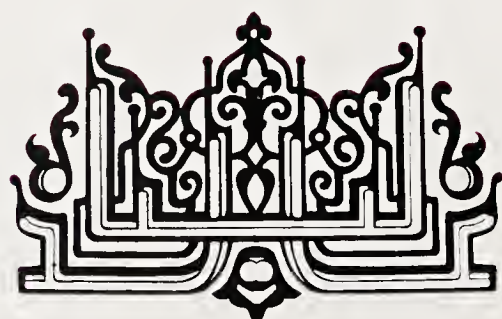


رو میں ہے رخس عمر کہاں دیکھیے تھے
نے ہاتھ باگ پر ہے، نہ پا ہے رکاب میں

rao mē hai raxs-e-umr, kahā dekhiye thame
nai hāth bāg par hai, na pā hai rakāb mē

Whither life's steed
Galloping wild
Without control
On the feet or reins.
Whither it will go
I know it not
Where it will stop
I know it not !

चै¹ में है ररखु उम्र² कहाँ देखिये, थमे
नै हाथ बाग³ पर है, नः पा है ररकाब में



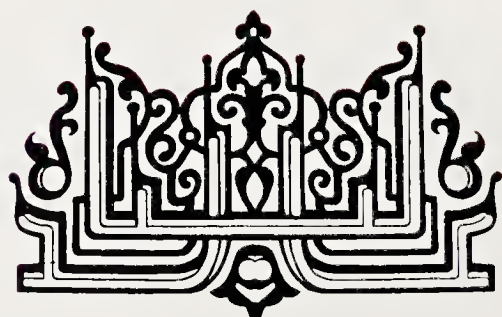
چلتا ہوں تھوڑی دور ہر اک تیز رو کے ساتھ
پہچانتا نہیں ہوں ابھی راہبر کو میں

caltā hū thori dūr har ik tezrau ke sāth
pahcāntā nahī hū abhī, rāhbar ko maī

I know not of a guide that's true
And yet I travel
Quick and far
With every swift traveller
I meet on the way.

चलता हूँ थोड़ी दूर हर एक तेज़रौ¹ के साथ
पहचानता नहीं हूँ अभी राहबर² को मैं

1. तीव्रगामी 2. मार्ग दर्शक



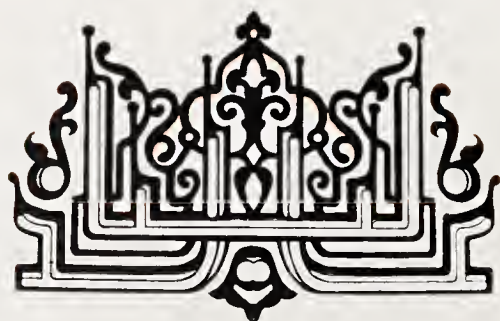
یاد تھیں ہم کو بھی، رنگارنگ بزم آرائیاں
لیکن اب نقش و نگارِ طاقِ نسیاں ہو گئیں

yād thī hamko bhī, rangārang bazm āraiyā
lekin ab naqś-o-nigāre tāqe nisyā ho gai

How I recall
Those days
Of colour
And of pleasure.
But now what remains
Are only the designs
Intricate
Of roses and flowers
Adorning the shelves
Of the dusty past !

याद थीं हमको भी रंगारंग बज़म आरईयाँ¹
लेकिन अब नक़श-ओ-निगारे² ताके निसयाँ³ हो गईं

1. सभा की सजावट 2. बेल-बूटे 3. भूला हुआ ताख

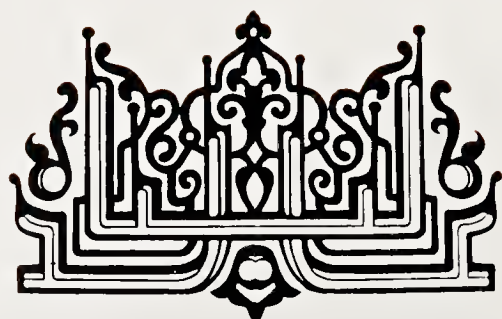


نیند اُس کی ہے دماغ اس کا ہے راتیں اس کی ہیں
تیری زلفیں جس کے بازو پر پریشاں ہو گئیں

nīd uskī hai, dimāg uskā hai, rātē uskī hai
teri zulfē, jiske bāzū par, parīśā ho gayī

His the sleep
And his the peace
His the night
And his the dreams
On whose arms
My love
Rest thy tresses
Wild and free.

नींद उसकी है, दिमाग उसका है, रातें उसकी हैं
तेरी जूल्फें¹ जिसके बाजू पर परीशाँ हो गईं



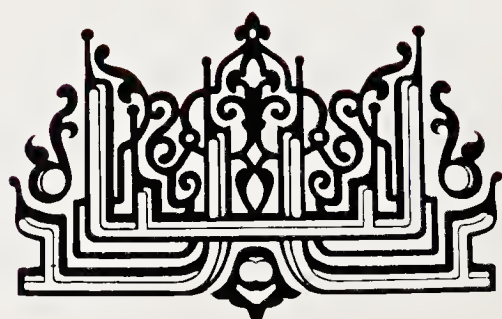
ہم موحد ہیں، ہمارا کیش ہے ترک رسوم
ملتیں جب مٹ گئیں، اجزائے ایماں ہو گئیں

ham muvahhid hai, hamāra keś hai tarke rusūm
millatē jab mit gayī ajzā-e-īmā ho gayī

He is one
Above all ritual
Above all dogma
Above all custom
It is
Only where these paths cease
Does true faith begin.

हम मुव्वहिद¹ हैं, हमारा केश² है तर्क रूसूम³
मिल्लतें⁴ जब मिट गई, अज्ज़ा-ए-ईमाँ⁵ हो गई

1. एक खुदा को मानने वाला 2. धर्म 3. प्रथा त्याग 4. सम्प्रदाय
5. धर्म के अंग



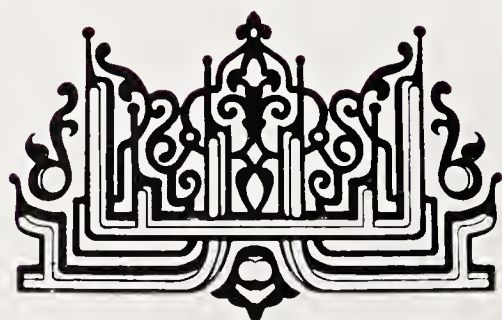
علاوہ عید کے ملتی ہے اور دن بھی شراب
گداتے کو چہ سے حسانہ نامراد نہیں

alāvā īd ke miltī hai aor din bhī śarāb
gadā-e-kūca-e-maīxānā nāmūrād nahī

There is the wine
Always for the asking
Besides on the 'Id
Then why indeed
Should the beggar
Who roams
The lanes
of the tavern
Go in dismay ?

अलावा ईद के मिलती है और दिन भी शराब
गदा-ए-कूचः-ए-मैखाना¹ नामुराद² नहीं

1. शराब खाने की गली का भिक्षुक 2. असफल



دیر نہیں، حرم نہیں، در نہیں، آستاں نہیں
بیٹھے ہیں رہ گزر یہ ہم، غیبر ہمیں اٹھائے کیوں

dair nahī, haram nahī, dar nahī, āstā nahī
baithe hai rahguzar pa ham, gair hamē uthāe kyū

Not for me
The sanctuaries and shrine
Not for me
The palaces fine.
I just lie
By the wayside
Still why is it
I am not left
In peace
And from here too
I be removed ?

दैर¹ नहीं, हरम² नहीं, दर नहीं, आस्ताँ³ नहीं
बैठे हैं रहगुज़र पे⁴ हम, ग़ैर हमें उठाए क्यूँ

1. मंदिर 2. मुसलमानों का तीर्थ स्थान 'काबा' 3. चौखट, समाधि
3. मार्ग पर



قیدِ حیات و بندِ غم، اصل میں دونوں ایک ہیں
موت سے پہلے آدمی غم سے نجات پاتے کیوں

qaide-hayāt-o-bande gam asl mē donō ek hai
maot se pahle, ādmī gam se najāt pāye kyū ?

The fetters of sorrow
Are one
Like the prison
Of life.
Why then
Should this
Pain and grief
Cease
Before we shed
The mortal coil ?

कैदे हयात¹-ओ²-बन्दे ग़म³ अस्ल में दोनों एक हैं
मौत से पहले आदमी ग़म से नजात⁴ पाए क्यों ?

1. जीवन बंधन 2. और 3. दुख का बंधन 4. रिहाई, मुक्ति



فالبِ خستہ کے بغیر کون سے کام بند ہیں
روئیے زار زار کیا کیجیے ہاتے ہاتے کیوں

gālibe xasta ke bagair, kaon se kām band hai ?
roie zār zār kyā, kijiye hai hai kyū ?

What in the world
Would stop
When Ghalib
Is gone ?
Then why
This weeping
Then why
This mourning ?

‘گالیبے’ خستہ:¹ کے بغیر کون سے کام بند ہیں
رہے زار-زار² کیا، کیجیے ہاٹ-ہاٹ کیوں

1. دُردشا-غست گالیب 2. فُٹ-فُٹ کر



ہے آدمی بجائے خود اک محشرِ خیال
ہم انجمن سمجھتے ہیں، خلوت ہی کیوں نہ ہو

hai ādmī bajāi xud, ik mahsare xayāl
ham anjuman samajhte hai, xilvat hī kyū na ho

This creature
We know as man
Is one big chaos
Of desire and thoughts.
Even when lonely
He's never alone
For in his breast
Lies hidden
A tumultuous crowd !

ہے آدمی بجاے خود اک محشرِ خیال¹
ہم انجمن² سمجھتے ہیں، خلوت³ ہی کیوں نہ ہو

1. प्रलय की कल्पना 2. सभा, महफिल 3. एकांत



تم جانو، تم کو غیّر سے جو رسم و راہ ہو
مجھ کو بھی پوچھتے رہو تو کیا گناہ ہو

tum jāno, tumko gair se jo rasmo rāh ho
mujhko bhī pūchte raho, to kyā gunāh ho

You know better
Your relations
With the other
But would it be a crime
to spare some time
And ask about me
About how I am
And where I am.

तुम जानो, तुमको गैर से जो रस्म-ओ-राह¹ हो
मुझको भी पूछते रहो तो क्या गुनाह² हो



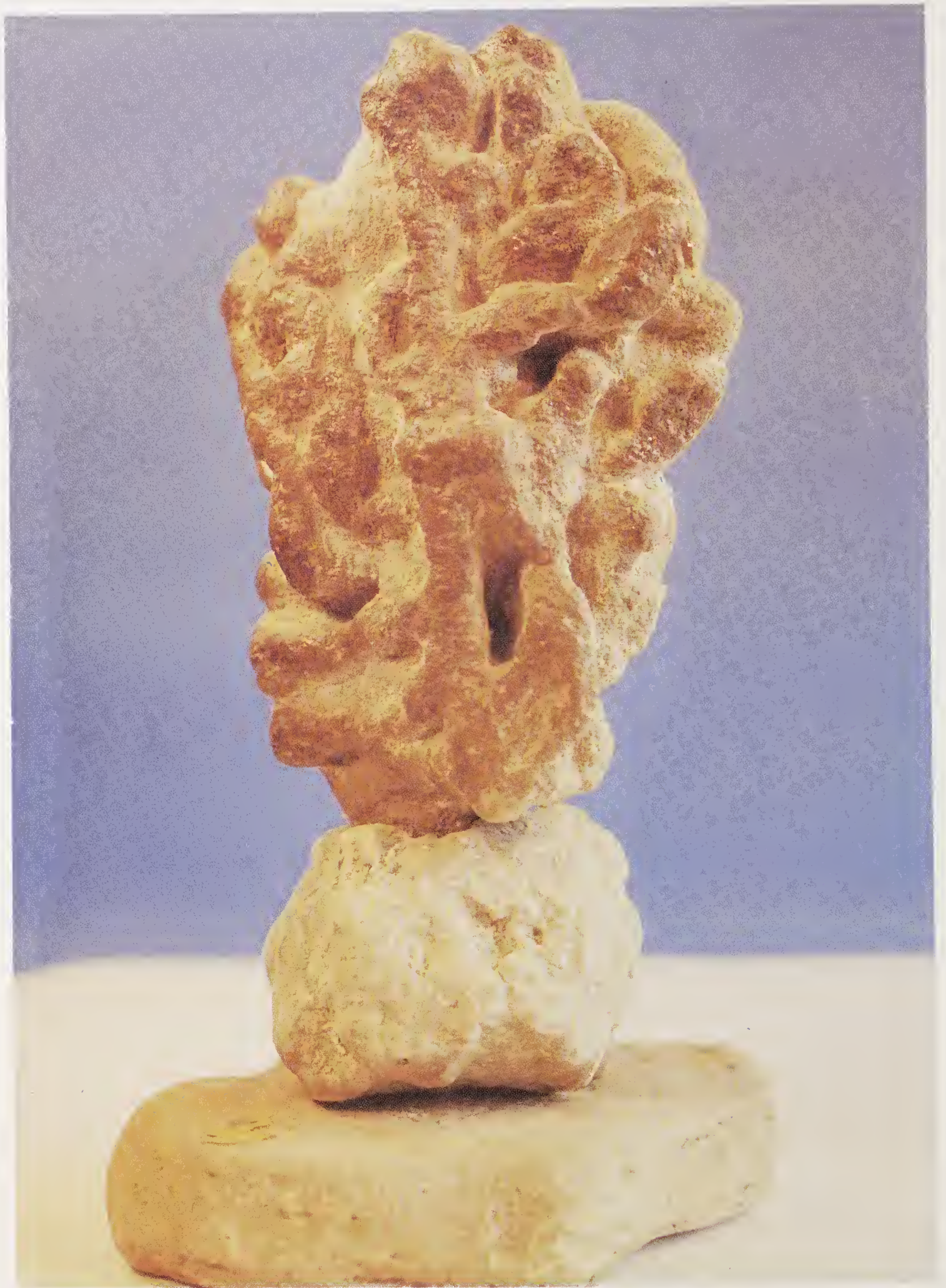
کیا وہ بھی بے گنہ گمش وحق ناشناس ہیں؟
مانا کہ تم بشر نہیں، خورشید و ماہ ہو

kyā vo bhī begunah kuś-o-haqa nā śnās hai ?
mānā, ki tum baśar nahī xurśīd-o-māh ho

Agreed you are
No mortal ordinary
But powerful
As the moon and sun
But are they too
Heartless fiends
Alien to truth
And slayer
of many !

क्या वो: भी बेगुनह कुश¹-ओ²-हक ना शनास³ हैं ?
माना कि: तुम बशर⁴ नहीं, खुरशीद-ओ-माह⁵ हो

1. निर्दोषियों का वध करने वाला 2. और 3. सत्य को न जानने वाला
4. मानव 5. सूर्य और चन्द्रमा

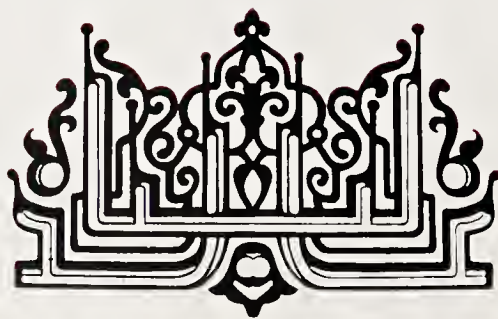


ہمارے ذہن میں اس فکر کا ہے نام وصال
کہ گرتے ہو تو کہاں جائیں، ہو تو کیوں کر ہو!

hamāre zahan mē, is fikr kā hai nām visāl
ki gar na ho, to kahā jāe, ho to kyūkar ho

This constant worry
This union of ours
If it not mature
Where in the world
Do I go ?
And if it be granted
Then
How should it be
Why should it be !

हमारे ज़हन¹ में इस फिक्र² का है नाम विसाल³
कि: गर न: हो, तो कहाँ जाएँ, हो तो क्यूँकर हो



شہادت تھی میری قسمت میں، جو دی تھی یہ تو مجھ کو
جہاں تلوار کو دیکھا، جھکا دیتا تھا گردن کو

śahādat thī merī qismat mē, jo dī thī yah xū mujhko
jahā talvār ko dekhā, jhukā detā thā gardan ko

My fate
Willed
I a martyr be.
It came
To be a habit
I bowed and bared
My head
Whenever I saw
A sword
That was raised !

शहादत¹ थी मेरी किरमत² में, जो दी थी ये: खू³ मुझको
जहाँ तलवार को देखा, झुका देता था गर्दन की



قفس میں مجھ سے رودادِ چمن کہتے نہ ڈرہم دم
گری ہے جس پہ کل بجلی، وہ میرا اشیاں کیوں ہو

qafas mē mujhse rūdāde caman kahte na dar hamdam
giri hai jispe kal bijli, vo merā āsiyā kyū ho ?

Yes, I am in the cage
But pray
Do not delay
And tell me
The condition
Of the garden.
The nest
Which was struck
Last night
Does it have to be
Necessarily mine ?

क़फ़स¹ में मुझसे रूदादे चमन² कहते नः डर, हमदम³
गिरी है जिस पेः कल बिजली, वोः मेरा आशियाँ⁴ क्यूँ हो



ہے وصل، ہجر، عالم تمکین و ضبط میں
میشوقِ شوخ و عاشقِ دیوانہ چاہیے

hai vasl hijr, ālame tamkīn-o-zabt mē
māsūqe šox-o-āšiqe divānah cāhiye

Better than love
Made without abandon
Is separation.
For only that love
Is love
Where the beloved is coquettish
And the lover
So frenzied !

है वरुल¹, हिज्र² आलमे तमकीन-ओ-ज़ब्त³ में
माशूके शोख⁴-ओ-आशिके दीवानः चाहिए

1. मिलन 2. विरह 3. संसार की सहन-शक्ति एवं संयम 4. चंचल प्रेमिका



پچ آپڑی ہے وعدہ دلدار کی مجھے
وہ آئے یا نہ آئے، پہ یاں انتظار ہے

pac ā pari hai vādae dildār ki mujhe
vo āye yā na āye pe yā intizār hai

Whether she comes
Or not
I'm in a spot
I'll have to wait
For a promise
She made
To come !

पच¹ आ पड़ी है वादः-ए-दिलदार² की मुझे
वो: आए या न: आए, पे: याँ इन्तिज़ार है

1. हठ 2. प्रेमी का वचन



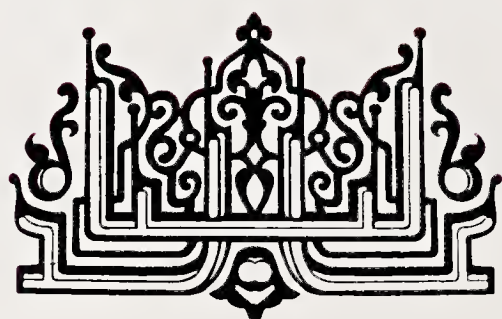
مے سے غرض نشاط ہے کس رُوسیاہ کو
اک گونہ بے خودی مجھے دن رات چاہیے

mai se garaz nisāt hai kis rūsiyāh ko
ik gūna bexudī mujhe din rāt cāhiye

Who is the man
I'd like to see
Who empties the cup
For the fun of it.
I for one
Need the potion
To remain
In torpor
Day and night.

मय¹ से गरज़ निशात² है किस रूसियाह³ को
इक गूनः बेखूदी⁴ मुझे दिन रत चाहिए

1. मदिरा 2. हर्ष का स्वार्थ 3. पापी 4. आत्मविस्मृति का स्वभाव



عمر ہر چند کہ ہے برق خیرام
دل کے خون کرنے کی فرصت ہی سہی

umr har cand ki hai barq xiram
dil ke xū karne kī fursat hī sahī

A flash of lightning
Is life
Yet short as it is
There's time enough
To leave behind
A bleeding heart.

उम्र हर चन्द¹ कि: है बर्क² खिराम³
दिल के खूँ करने की फुर्सत⁴ ही सही

1. यद्यपि 2. बिजली 3. धीमी 4. अवकाश



کثرت آرائی وحدت ہے پرستاری و ہم
کر دیا کافر ان اصنام خیالی نے مجھے

Kasrat ārai-e-vaḥdat hai parastāri-e-vaḥm
kar diyā kāfir, in asnāme xayāli ne mujhe

Some say he's this
And some he's that
So many manifestations
And so many illusions
Of the One
That I have turned
What you may call
One
Who does not believe
At all !

कसरत आराइ-ए-वहदत¹ है परस्तारि-ए-वह्म²
कर दिया काफिर³ इन असनामे ख्याली⁴ ने मुझे

1. एकत्व की अनेक रूपता 2. भ्रम की आराधना 3. अधर्मी
4. काल्पनिक प्रतिमाएं (प्रेमिकाएं)



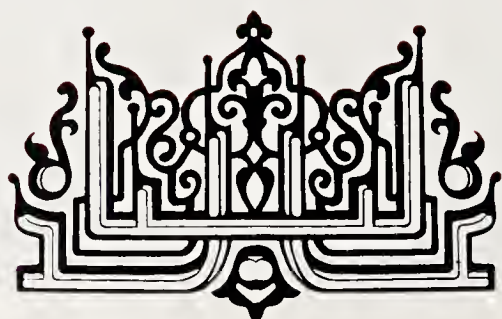
ہوس گل کا تصور میں بھی کھٹکا نہ رہا
عجب آرام دیا بے پرو بالی نے مجھے

havase gul kā tassavvur mē bhi khatka na rahā
ajab ārām diyā, beparo bālī ne mujhe

It is strange comfort
Being without wings
Being without feathers
For knowing the rose
Is out of reach
There is no longing
Even in thought !

हवसे गुल¹ का तसव्वुर² में भी खटका न रहा
अजब³ आराम दिया बेपर-ओ-बाली⁴ ने मुझे

1. फूल की लालसा 2. कल्पना 3. अनोखा 4. बिना बाल एवं पंख



دوستی کا پردہ ، ہے بے گانگی
منہ چھپانا ہم سے چھوڑا چاہیے

dosti kā pardah hai begānagi
mūh chupānā hamse chorā cāhiye

Oh drop that veil
For I do know
It's just a show
Though you be
In love with me !

दोस्ती का पर्दः है बेगानगी¹
मुँह छुपाना हमसे छोड़ा चाहिए



کرے ہے قتل، لگاوت میں تیرا رو دینا
تری طرح کوئی تیغِ ننگہ کو آب تو دے

kare hai qatl, lagāvat me terā ro denā
teri tarah koī tege nigah ko āb to de

Pray, do not weep
for your love for me
for it will kill.
for what can sharpen
the sword
more
than the tears
flowing from your eyes.

करे है क़त्ल, लगावट में तेरा रो देना
तेरी तरह कोई तेगे निगह¹ को आब² तो दे

1. दृष्टि की तलवार 2. धार



پلا دے اوک سے ساقی، جو ہم سے نفرت ہے
پیالہ گر نہیں دیتا نہ دے، شراب تو دے

pilā de ok se sāqī, jo hamse nafrat hai
piyālah gar nahī detā, na de śarāb to de

If you hate me
O Saqi,
Withhold the cup
But not the wine
And let it flow
In my hands
That are cupped.

पिला दे ओक से साकी¹, जो हमसे नफरत है
प्याला गर नहीं देता, नः दे, शराब तो दे

1. पिलाने वाला



کبھی نیکی بھی اس کے جی میں گر آجاتے ہے مجھ سے
جفتائیں کر کے اپنی یاد شرما جاتے ہے مجھ سے

kabhī neki bhi uske jī mē gar ā jāe hai mujhse
jafāe karke apni yād śarmā jāe hai mujhse

It's not that
She has not
Kind thoughts
For me.
But alas
The past
Intrudes
With memories
Of oppression
And then
She shies away !

कभी नेकी भी उसके जी में गर आजाए है मुझसे
जफ़ाएँ¹ करके अपनी याद, शरमा जाए है मुझसे



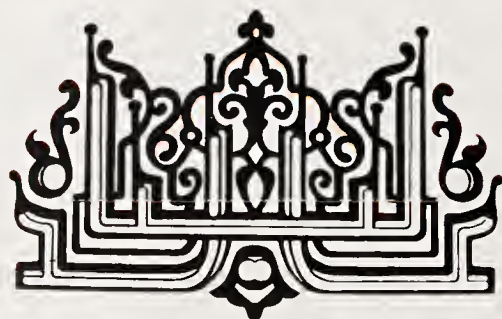
دل پھر طوائف کوئے ملامت کو جاتے ہے
پندار کا صنم کدہ ویراں کیے ہوئے

dil phir tavāfe kū-e-malāmat ko jāe hai
pindār kā sanamkadah vīrā̃ kiye hue

Let them abuse
For I shall walk
Once more
The streets
That invite
Reproof.
And I shall pull down
In my own house
The idols of pride
And vanity.

दिल फिर तवाफ़े कुए-मलामत¹ को जाए है
पिन्दार² का सनमकदः³ वीरँ⁴ किए हुए

1. प्रेमिका की गली में जाने से धिक्कार 2. अहंकार 3. प्रेमिका का घर
4. उजाड़



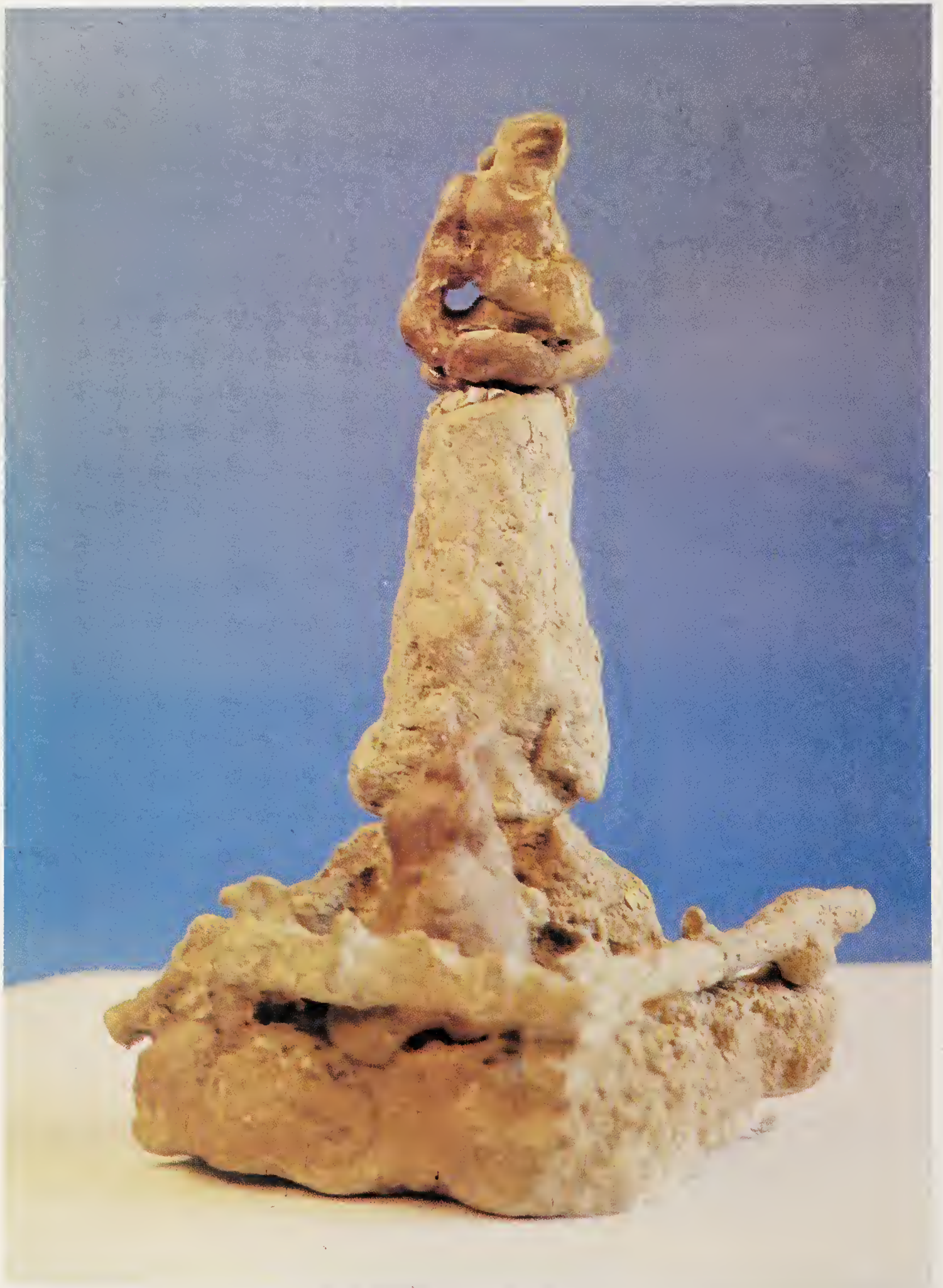
اک نو بہارِ ناز کو تاکے ہے پھر نگاہ
چہرہ فروغِ مے سے گلستاں کیے ہوئے

ik naobahāre naz ko tāke hai phir nigāh
cehra faroge mai se gulistā kiye hue

Oh for a glimpse
Of a beautiful face
Flushed with the glow
Of the passion of wine
And that which grows
Into
A red red rose !

एक नौबहारे नाज¹ को ताके² है फिर निगाह
चेहरा फ़रोगे मय³ से गुलिस्ताँ⁴ किए हुए

1. गर्विता के सौंदर्य 2. झांकना 3. मदिरा की अधिकता 4. उद्यान



پنہاں تھا دام سخت، قریب آشیان کے
اڑنے نہ پاتے تھے کہ گرفتار ہم ہوئے

pinhā thā dāme saxt qarib āsiyān ke
ur̄ne na pāye the, ki giriftār ham hue

So close was the trap
To the nest
That we were caught
Ere we flew !

पिन्हाँ¹ था दामे सख्त² करीब³ आशियाँ⁴ के
उड़ने नः पाए थे केः गिरिफ़्तार हम हुए



नाले अदम में चन्द हमारे सिपुर्द थे
जो वाँ नः खिंच सके, सो वो याँ आके दम हुए

nāle adam mē cand hamāre sipurd the
jo vā na khīc sake, so vo yā āke dam hue

Before birth
In the womb
I was assigned
Some sorrowful sighs
Those I could not take
Then
Have become
Breaths in this life
I am forced to take !

नाले¹ अदम² में चन्द हमारे सिपुर्द³ थे
जो वाँ नः खिंच सके, सो वो याँ आके दम⁴ हुए

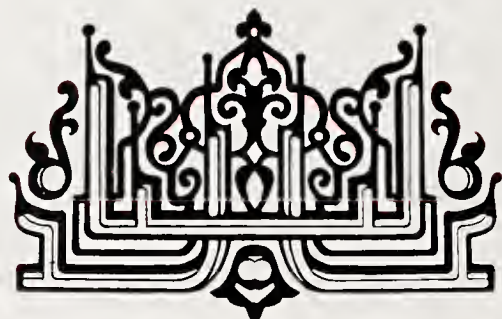


ہاں، کھائیومت فریبِ ہستی
ہرچند کہیں کہے، نہیں ہے

hā, khāiyo mat farebe hasti
har cand kahē, ki hai, nahī hai

They may say it is
Even when it's not
So be not deceived
By what is called
Existence !

हाँ, खाइयो मत फरेबे हस्ती!
हरचन्द कहें कि: है, नहीं है



ساقی، بہ جلوہ، دشمنِ ایمان و آگہی
مُطرب، بہ نغمہ، رہزنِ تمکین و ہوش ہے

sāqī, bajalvah duśmane imān-o-āgahī
mutrib, banagmah, rahzane tamkino hoś hai

Sing and dance and merry make
But be careful and beware
Standing near
Is the Sāqi dear
Enemy of reason
And all faith !

साकी¹ बजत्वः², दुश्मने ईमान-ओ-आगही³
मुतरिब⁴ बः नगमः⁵, रहज़ने तमकीन-ओ-होश⁶ है

1. पिलाने वाला 2. देखने से 3. धर्म एवं ज्ञान का शत्रु 4. गायक
5. गीत से 6. सहन शक्ति एवं बुद्धि को लूटने वाला



داغِ فراقِ صحبتِ شب کی جلی ہوئی
اک شمع رہ گئی ہے سو وہ بھی خاموش ہے

dāge firāqe sohbate śab ki jalī hūī
ik śamma rah gayī hai, so vo bhī xamos hai

The candle burning bright
Was witness to the night
Of longing and love
Stands flickered out now
Silent and dead
With stains of black
Mourning as it were.

दागे फ़िराके¹ सोहबते शब² की जली हुई
एक शम्क रह गई है, सो वो: भी खमोशा है



कान्ठों की ज़बाँ सूख गयी प्यास से यारब !
इक आबल: पा¹ वादि-ए-पुरखार² में आवे

kāṭō kī zabā sūkh gai pyās se yārab!
ik āblah pā vādie purxār mē āve

This boundless desert
Dry as dust
So that even the thorns
Thirst.
And to come to this
Desert
With feet
Full of
Blisters !

काँठों की ज़बाँ सूख गई प्यास से यारब !
इक आबल: पा¹ वादि-ए-पुरखार² में आवे



آگے آتی تھی حالِ دل پہ ہنسی
اب کسی بات پر نہیں آتی

āge ātī thī hāle dil pa hāsi
ab kīsī bāt par nahī ātī

Time was
When I laughed
And smiled
Even at my
Own state.
Now time is
When there's nothing
To make me
Smile !

आगे आती थी हाले दिल पे: हंसी
अब किसी बात पर नहीं आती

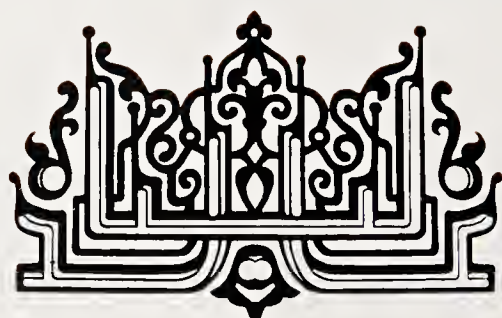


دلِ ناداں ! تجھے ہوا کیا ہے؟
آخر اس درد کی دوا کیا ہے؟

dile nādā ! tujhe huā kyā hai ?
āxir is dard ki davā kyā hai ?

What ails you
You silly heart ?
What could ease
This disease ?
And oh ! this pain
What could be
Its medicine ?

दिले नादां¹ ! तुझे हुआ क्या है?
आखिर इस दर्द की दवा क्या है?



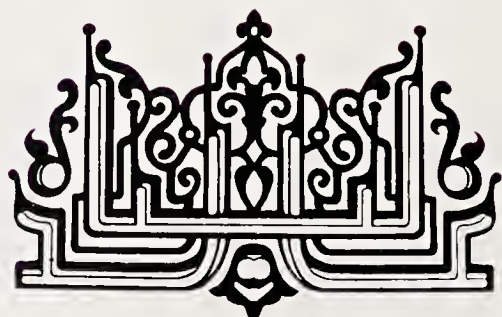
ہم ہیں مشتاق، اور وہ بیزار
یا الہی! یہ ماجرا کیا ہے؟

ham hai mustāq aor vo bezār
ya ilāhī ! yah mājrā kyā hai ?

I so full of desire
And she so unresponsive
Oh, God what is this
And why is this ?

हम हैं मुश्ताक¹ और वो: बेज़ार²
या इलाही³, ये: माजरा⁴ क्या है ?

1. अभिलाषी 2. अप्रसन्न 3. या खुदा 4. घटना

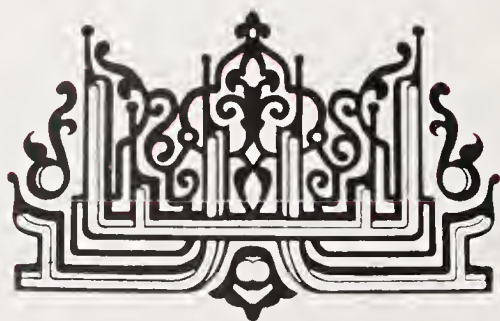


میں بھی منہ میں زبان رکھتا ہوں
کاش پوچھو کہ مدعا کیا ہے؟

maī bhī mūh mē zabān rakhtā hū
kaś ! pūcho ki muddaā kyā hai ?

I too have a tongue
And a voice
Oh ! Only ask me
What is it
What is it !

میں بھی منہ میں زبان رکھتا ہوں
کاش پوچھو کہ: 'مدعا¹' کیا ہے؟

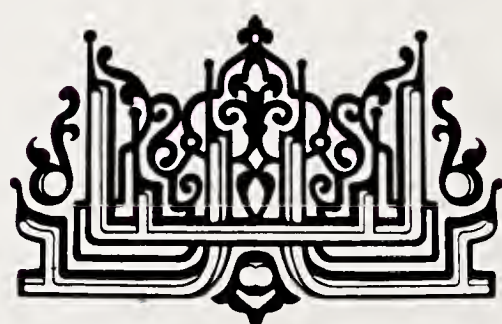


جان تم پر نثار کرتا ہوں
میں نہیں جانتا دعا کیا ہے

jān tum par nisār kartā hū
maī nahī jāntā, duā kya hai ?

Here's my life
for you
I do not know
What it is to pray
And to plead
For blessing that's divine
I only know
This life of mine
Is for you.

جان तुम पर निसार¹ करता हूँ
मैं नहीं जानता दुआ क्या है ?

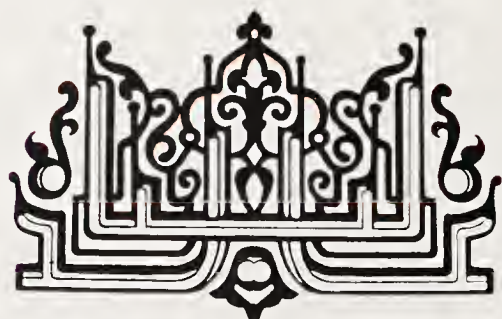


ان کے دیکھے سے جو آجاتی ہے منہ پر رونق
وہ سمجھتے ہیں کہ بیمار کا حال اچھا ہے

unke dekhe se, jo ā jāti hai mūh par raonaq
vo samajhte hai ki bimār kā hāl acchā hai

Even a sight of hers
And my whole face brightens
Oh the irony of it !
For she feels
I am better
And my illness
Is fading away !

उनके देखे से जो आ जाती है मुँह पर रौनक¹
वो: समझते हैं के: बीमार का हाल अच्छा है



ابنِ مریم ہوا کرے کوئی
میرے دکھ کی دوا کرے کوئی

ibne mariyam huā kare koī
mere dukh kī davā kare koī

What concerns me
If he be
Mary's son ?
For all I want
Is relief
From my grief.

इब्ने मरियम¹ हुआ करे कोई
मेरे दुख की दवा करे कोई

1. मरियम का बेटा 'ईसा' (ईसा! वह अवतार जो मृतकों को जीवित और रोगियों को अच्छा कर देता था)



مقدور ہو، تو خاک سے پوچھوں کہ، اے لئیم
تو نے وہ گنج ہائے گرانمایہ کیلے

maqdūr ho to xāk se pūchū ki ai laīm
tūne vo ganjhā-e-girāmāyah kyā kiye ?

Only if I had
The power
To ask the miser
That miser the earth
What she had
Done with
Her treasures vast.

मकदूर¹ हो तो खाक² से पूछूँ के: ऐ लईम³ !
तूने वो: गंजहाए गिराँमाय:⁴ क्या किए ?

1. किस्मत में (हमारे बस में) 2. मिट्टी 3. कंजूस 4. अमूल्य भंडार



صحبت میں غیر کی نہ پڑی ہو کہیں، یہ خو
دینے لگا ہے بوسہ بغیر التجا کیے

sohbat mē gair kī, na parī ho kahī ye xu
dene lagā hai bosah bigair iltijā kiye

Now your kisses
Are for offer
Without a plea
Without a request
Now that you keep
Company that's strange
Company that's changed.

सोहबत में गैर¹ की नः पड़ी हो कहीं येः खू²
देने लगा है बसः³ बिगैर इल्तिजा⁴ किए

1. प्रतिद्वन्दी की संगति 2. स्वभाव 3. चुम्बन 4. बिना मांगे

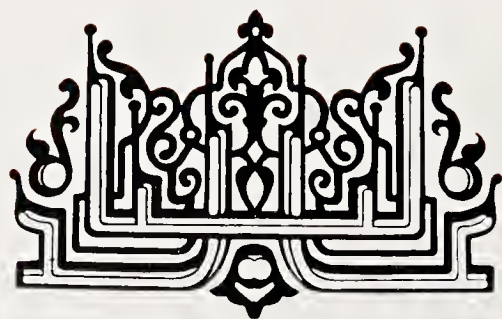


واعظ! نہ تم پیو، نہ کسی کو پیلا سکو
کیا بات ہے تمہاری شرابِ طہور کی

vāiz na tum piyo, na kisi ko pilā sako
kyā bāt hai tumhāri śarābe tuhūr kī

You neither drink
Nor can offer to others
Then O priest
Why should you speak
Of the wine
That's divine
Which no one can taste
And no one drink.

वाईज़¹ नः तुम पियो, नः किसी को पिला सको
क्या बात है तुम्हारी शराबे तुहूर² की !



نہیں کچھ سُبھ و زَنار کے پھندے میں گیرائی
وفاداری میں شیخ و برہمن کی آزمائش ہے

nahī kuch subho-zunnār ke phande me girāī
vafādārī me śex-o-barahman ki āzmāis hai

Is the noose any different
Whether cast by the thread
That is sacred
Or the rosary
Of the Moulavi ?
For it is the faith
Of the Shaikh
And of the Brahmin
Which are on test !

नहीं कुछ सुब्ह:-ओ-ज़ुन्नार¹ के फन्दे में गीरई²
वफ़ादारी³ में शैख-ओ-ब्रह्मण⁴ की आजमाइश है

1. माला और जनेऊ 2. पकड़ 3. स्वामिनिष्ठा
4. (यहां अभिप्राय मौलवी और पुजारी से है)

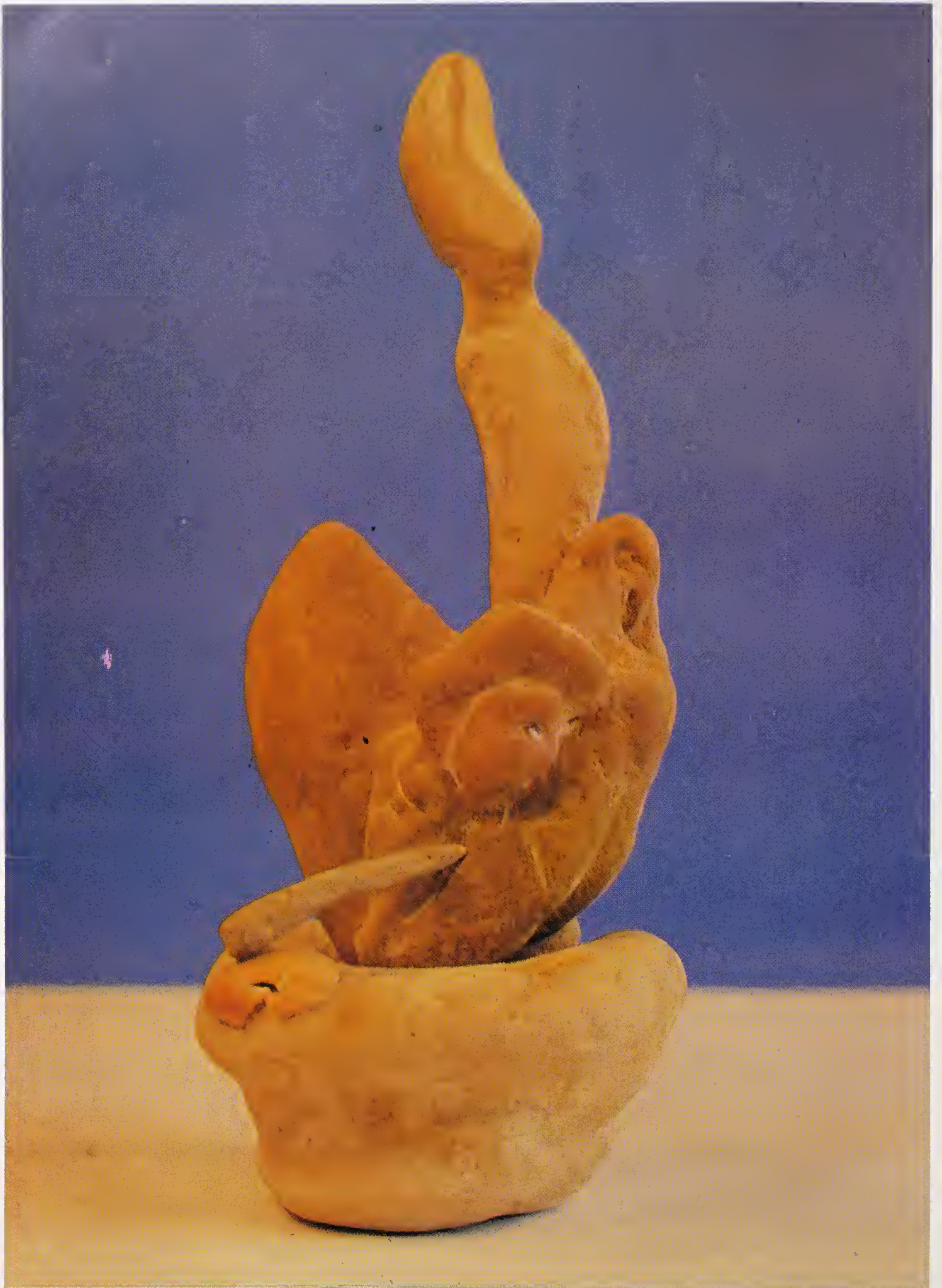


عشق پر زور نہیں ہے یہ وہ آتش غالب
کہ لگائے نہ لگے، اور بجھائے نہ بنے

isq par zor nahī, hai yeh vo ātas, gālib
ki lagāe na lage aor bujhāe na bane

Who indeed
Can control
The pangs of love ?
Oh Ghalib
It's a fire
You cannot kindle
And one
You cannot extinguish
At will.

इश्क़ पर ज़ोर नहीं, है ये: वो: आतश 'ग़ालिब'
के: लमाए न: लगे, और बुझाए न: बने



نہیں ذریعہٴ راحت، جہرِ راحت پیکاں
وہ زخمِ تیغ ہے، جس کو کہ دل گُشا کہیے

nahī zariyāhe rāhat, jarāhate paikā
vo zaxme teg hai, jisko ki dilkuśa kaḥiye

Inflict on me a wound
Not of an arrow
But that of a sword
That it remains
Deep and for long
And so brings relief
Much greater than
The wound of an arrow.

नहीं ज़रियः-ए-राहत¹ जराहते पैकाँ²
वोः ज़ख्मे तेग³ है, जिसको किः दिलकुशा⁴ कहिए

1. सुख चैन का साधन 2. तीर का घाव 3. तलवार का घाव
4. हृदय को आनन्द देने वाला



نہیں نگار کو اُلفت نہ ہو، نگار تو ہے
روانی روشِ مستی ادا کیے

nahī nigār ko ulfat, na ho, nigār to hai
ravāni-e raviśo masti-e-adā kaḥiye

She has no love for me
And yet can I deny
Her beauty or her grace
And her gait
And all that's about her
Which so intoxicates ?

नहीं निगार¹ को उल्फ़त² नः हो निगार तो है
रवानि-ए-रविशा-ओ-मस्ति-ए-अदा³ कहिए



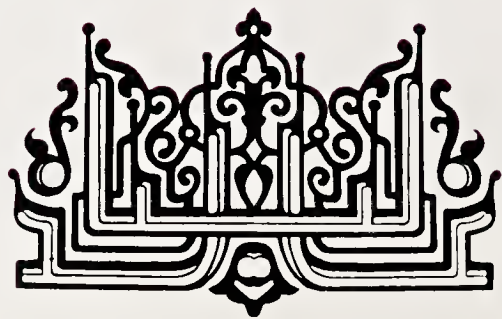
بازیچہ اطفال ہے دنیا مرے آگے
ہوتا ہے شب و روز تماشا مرے آگے

bāzīcae-attfāl hai duniyā, mere āge
hotā hai śabo roz tamāśā, mere āge

The world is a child's play
It unfolds its drama
Night and day
From where I stand
I see it all
It goes on
On and on.

बाज़ीच:-ए-अत्फ़ाल¹ है दुनिया मेरे आगे
होता है शब-ओ-रोज़² तमाशा मेरे आगे

1. बच्चों का खेल 2. दिन:-रात



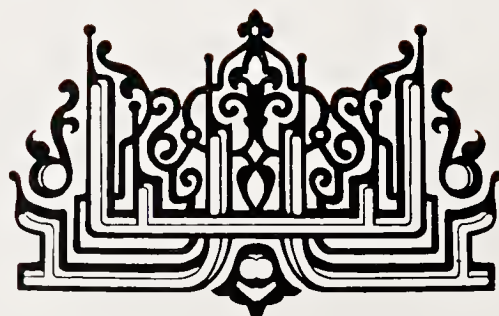
ایماں مجھے روکے ہے، جو کھینچے ہے مجھے کفر
کعبہ میرے پیچھے ہے، کلیسا میرے آگے

īmā mujhe roke hai, jo khīce hai mujhe kufr
kābah mere piche hai, kalisā mere āge

Virtue pulls me
From behind
But oh
For the pull
Of temptations
In front.
With the Ka'ba
Behind me
It's the heresy
In front !

ईमाँ¹ मुझे रोके है, जो खेंचे है मुझे कुफ़र²
काबा³ मेरे पीछे है, कलीसा⁴ मेरे आगे

1. धर्म 2. अधर्म (पाप) 3. मुसलमानों का तीर्थ स्थल
4. ईसाइयों का पूजा-स्थल (गिरजा)



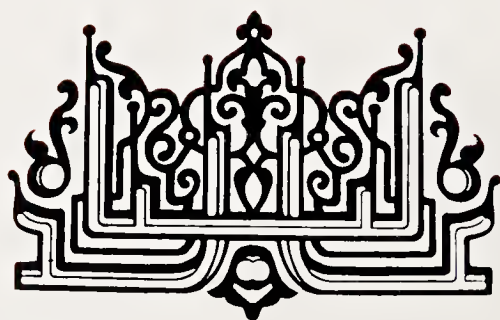
گو ہاتھ کو جنبش نہیں آنکھوں میں تو دم ہے
رہنے دو ابھی ساغر و مینا مرے آگے

go hāth ko jumbis̄ nahī, ākhō mē to dam hai
rahne do abhī sāgaro minā mere age

The hands cannot move
But do not remove
The goblet or the wine
For I can dine
With my eyes
For they are still
Alive !

गो हाथ को जुबिंश¹ नहीं, आखों में तो दम² है
रहने दो अभी सागर-ओ-मीना³ मेरे आगे

1. हिलना 2. ताकत 3. जाम और सुराही



نکلنا خلد سے آدم کا سنتے آئے ہیں لیکن
بہت بے آبرو ہو کر تے کوچے سے ہم نکلے

nikalnā xuld se ādam kā sunte āye haī lekin
bahot be ābrū hokar tere kuce se ham nikle

Much have I heard
Of Adam being expelled
from Paradise.
But so have I
Been thrown out from
Your street
So dishonourably.

निकलना खुल्द¹ से आदम² का सुनते आए हैं, लेकिन
बहोत बेआबरू³ होकर तेरे कूचे⁴ से हम निकले

1. स्वर्ग 2. पहला मानव 3. लज्जित 4. गली



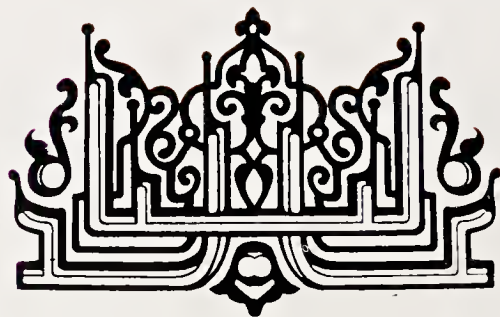
بھرم کھل جائے ظالم! تیرے قامت کی درازی کا
اگر اس طرّہ پر پیچ و خم کا پیچ و خم نکلے

bharam khul jāe zālim! tere qāmat ki darāzī kā
agar us turrah-e-purpeco xam ka peco xam nikle

The tall figure
Full of grace
Would not its pride
Fall ?
Once your tresses
Opened and fell ?

भरम खुल जाए ज़ालिम¹ तेरे क़ामत² की दराज़ी³ का
अगर उस तुर्र⁴-ए-पुरपेच-ओ-ख़म⁵ का पेच-ओ-ख़म निकले

1. अत्याचारी 2. डील-डौल 3. विस्तार 4. बालों की लट
5. अत्यधिक घुँघराले



کہاں میخانے کا دروازہ غالب! اور کہاں واعظ
پر اتنا جانتے ہیں، کل وہ جاتا تھا کہ ہم نکلے

kahā maixāne kā darvāzah gālib aor kahā vāiz
par itnā jānte hai, kal vo jāta thā ki ham nikle

Who would have thought
The tavern door
Playing a host
To the priest ?
I only know
That yesterday
I saw him going in
As I was coming out !

कहाँ मैखाने¹ का दरवाजा 'ग़ालिब' और कहाँ वाइज²
पर इतना जानते हैं, कल वो: जाता था के: हम निकले



پھر اس انداز سے بہار آئی
کہ ہوتے مہر و مہ تماشا آئی

phir is andāz se bahār āī
ki hue mehr-o-mah tamāsāī

Into spectators
Have turned
The moon and sun
For spring has come
Again with glory
And all splendour !

فیر اس انداز سے بہار آئی
کہ: ہوا مہر-او-مہ¹ تماشا آئی

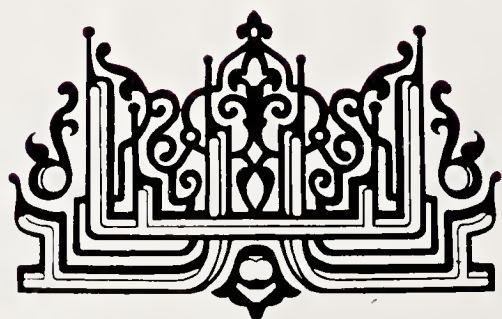


دل ہی تو ہے، سیاست درباں سے ڈر گیا
میں اور جاؤں در سے ترے بن صدا کیے

dil hī to hai, siyāsate darbā se dar gayā
maī, aor jāū dar se tere bin sadā kiye

That I should return
From your door
Without giving a call.
But this silly heart
Full of fear
Of the guard
At your door.

दिल ही तो है, सियासते दरबाँ¹ से डर गया
मैं और जाऊँ दर से तेरे बिन सदा² किए !



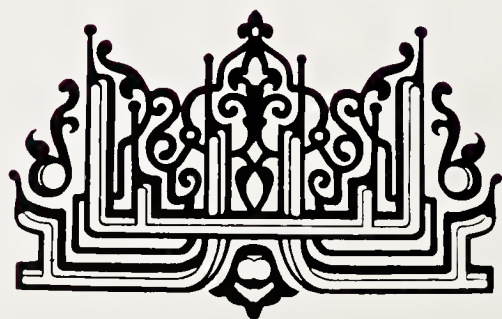
پھونکا ہے کس نے گوشِ محبت میں اے خدا!
افسونِ انتظارِ تمنا کہیں جسے

phūkā hai kisne gośe muhabbat mē, ai xudā !
afsūne intizār tamannā kahē jise

Oh God
Who has whispered
In her ears
The words
That keep
Her waiting
And longing
For love
Though it be
He may not come
At all !

ਫੁੱਕਾ¹ ਹੈ ਕਿਸਨੇ ਗੋਸ਼ੇ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ² ਮੇਂ ਏ ਖੁਦਾ !
ਅਫ਼ਸੂਨੇ ਇੰਤਿਜ਼ਾਰ³, ਤਮੰਨਾ⁴ ਕਹੇਂ ਜਿਸੇ

1. कहा 2. प्रेम का कान 3. प्रतिज्ञा का इन्द्रजाल 4. कामना

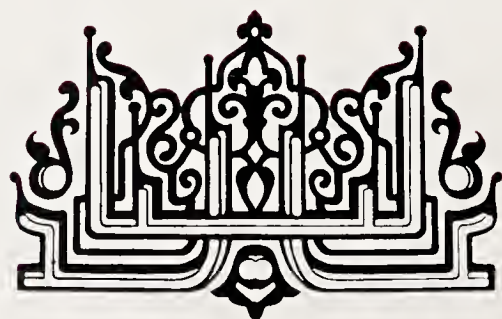


پرموں میں شکوے سے یوں راک سے جیسے باجا
اک ذرا چھڑیے، پھر دیکھئے کیا ہوتا ہے

pur hū maī śikve se yū, rāg se jaise bājā
ik zarā cheriye, phir dekhiye kyā hotā hai

A musical instrument
Full of notes
Like this heart of mine
Full of woes
Just pluck a string
And how it rings.

पुर हूँ मैं शिकवे से यूँ, राग से जैसे बाजा
इक ज़रा छेड़िए, फिर देखिए क्या होता है



یہ پری چہرہ لوگ کیسے ہیں ؟
 غمزہ و عشوہ و ادا کیا ہے ؟
 شکن زلفِ عنبریں کیوں ہے ؟
 نگہ چشمِ سرمہ سا کیا ہے ؟

ye pari cehrah log kaise hai ?
 gamzao-is' vao ada kyā hai ?
 śikane zulfe ambarī kiū hai ?
 nigahē caśme surmah sā kyā hai ?

Who are these with fairy-like faces
 What elegance indeed, what graces.
 Wherefore the fragrant hair
 flowing in tides
 And oh, these dark and playful eyes.

ये: परीचेहरः¹ लोग कैसे हैं?
 गमज़ः-ओ-इश्व²:-ओ-अदा क्या है?
 शिकने जुल्फे अंबरी³ क्यों है?
 निगहे चश्मे चूर्मः सा⁴ क्या है?

1. अप्सरा जैसे मुख वाली 2. कटाक्ष एवं हाव-भाव
 3. सुगंधित लटों के बल 4. काजल लगी आँखों की दृष्टि



بیٹھا ہے جو کہ سایۂ دیوارِ یار میں
فرمانروا کے کشورِ ہندوستان ہے

baithā hai jo ki sāyae-divāre yār mē
farmāravā-e-kisvare hindostān hai

Oh for a moment
In the shade of the wall
Cast by the beloved.
He is indeed
The ruler of the empire
Of the entire
Hindustan !

बैठा है जो के: साय:-ए-दीवारे यार¹ में
फ़रमाँखा-ए-किश्वरे हिन्दोस्तान² है

1. प्रेमिका की दीवार के साये में 2. भारत का शासक



دل آپ کا، کہ دل میں ہے جو کچھ سو آپ کا
دل لیجیے، مگر مرے ارماں نکال کے

dil āpkā, ki dil mē hai jo kuch so āpkā
dil lījiye magar mere armā nikālke

This heart of mine
And everything in it
Is yours
To take
But with one request
That before you take
Render it empty
Of all my dreams.

दिल आपका कि दिल में है जो कुछ सो आपका
दिल लीजिए मगर मेरे अरमाँ निकाल के



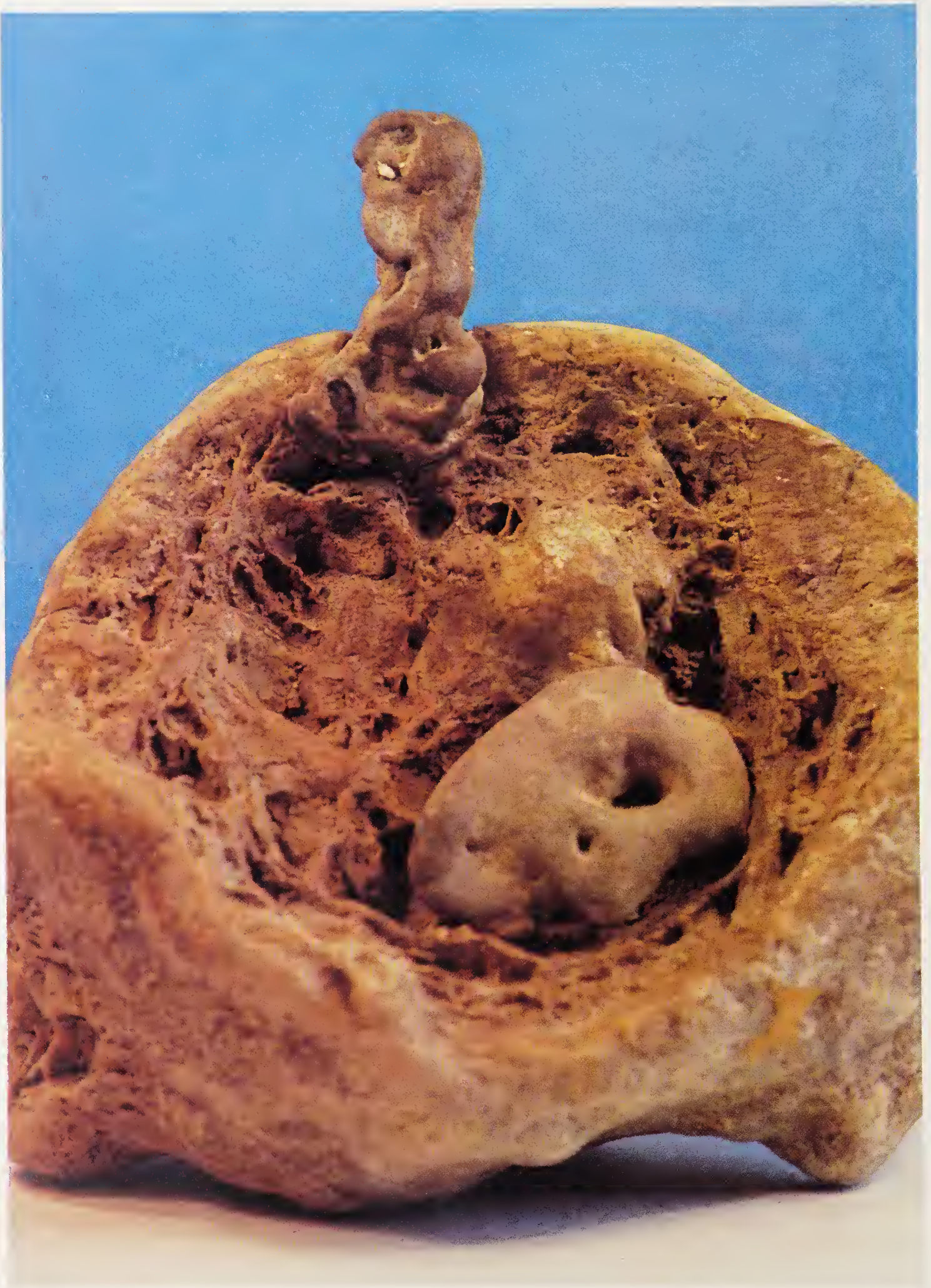
جب تک دہان زخم نہ پیدا کرے کوئی
مشکل کہ تجھ سے راہِ سخن وا کرے کوئی

jab tak dahāne zaxm na paidā kare koī
muśkil, ki tujhse rāhe suxan vā kare koī

The wound
Needs a mouth
To pour and squeeze out
All that's under
And so do I
Need a wound
In my heart
With a mouth
To pour out
All my woes.

जब तक दहाने ज़ख्म¹ नः पैदा करे कोई
मुश्किल केः तुझसे राहे सुखन² वा³ करे कोई

1. घाव का मुंह 2. बातचीत का मार्ग 3. खोलना



عالمِ غبارِ وحشتِ مجنوں ہے سرسبز
کب تک خیالِ طرّہ لیا کرے کوئی

ālam gubāre vahśate majnū hai sar ba sar
kab tak xayāle turrahe lailā kare koī

Surely it is
The dust
Raised by the madness
Of Majnu's love
That covers this world.
How long will one
Brood only on
Laila's grace
Her tresses
And her face ?

आलम¹ गुबारे वहशते मजनू² है सर ब सर³
कब तक ख्याले तुर-ए लैला⁴ करे कोई

1. संसार 2. मजनू के पागलपन की धूल 3. बराबर
4. लैला की विचित्रता की कल्पना



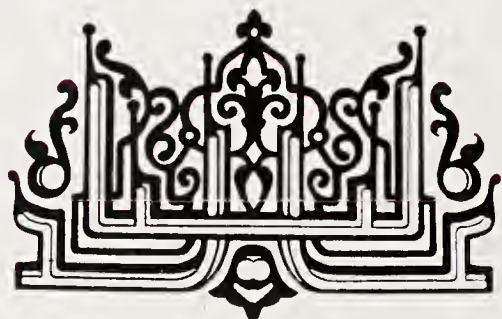
پوچھے ہے کیا وجود و عدم اہل شوق کا
آپ اپنی آگ کے خس و خاشاک ہو گئے

pūche hai kyā vujūd-o-adam ahle śaoq kā
āp apnī āg ke xaso xāsāk ho gaye

Of those who love
Do not ask
What life is theirs
What longing
What yearning
For they are leaves
Dead and dry
Consumed by a fire
That is their own !

پوچھے ہے کیا وجود-او-عدم¹ اہل-ع-شوق کا²
آپ اپنی آگ کے خس-او-خاشاک³ ہو گئے

1. اस्तیت و انستیت 2. آشیک 3. کڈا-کرت، ڈل اور راکھ



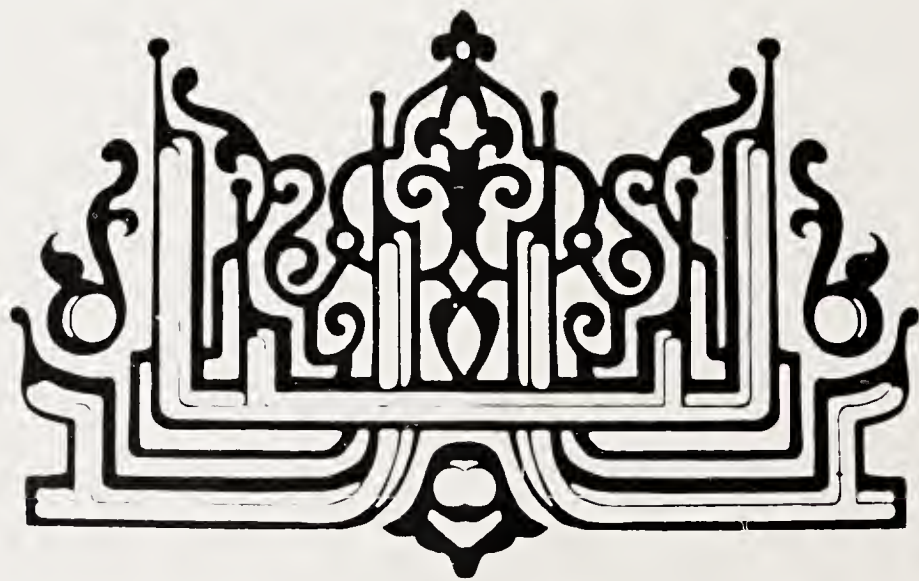
سفینہ جب کہ کنارے پہ آگنا لب
خدا سے کیا ستم و جورِ ناحدا کہیے

safīnāh jabki kināre pe a lāga, galib
xudā se kyā sitamo jore nāxudā kaḥiye

The boat has reached
The shore.
Then why O Ghalib
This complaint
That the boatman
Was cruel
And unjust.

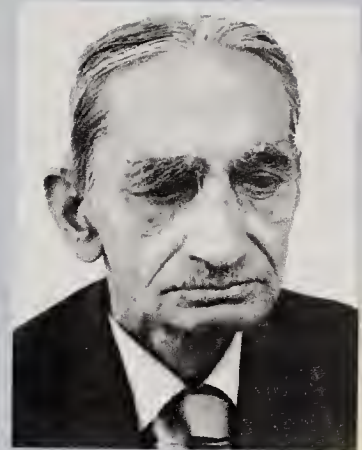
सफ़ीनः¹ जब किः किनारे पेः आ लगा 'ग़ालिब'!
ख़ुदा से क्या सितम-ओ-जौरे नाख़ुदा² कहिए

1. नाव 2. नाविक का अन्याय और अत्याचार









Brijendra Sayal was born in 1920 in the Gujranwala district, now in Pakistan. He matriculated with distinction and graduated from the Punjab University, Lahore, with Honours in Persian. He joined the Indian Army in 1941 and served till 1975 when he retired as Captain from the Army Education Corps. Sayal has always been interested in Urdu and Persian and several of his poems have been published in various magazines. Ghalib, however, has all along been his favourite—in fact, his obsession—as the stone pieces reproduced here bear witness.

Brijendra Sayal now lives in Delhi with his daughter. His work has been widely acclaimed by the Press and he has been honoured by different organisations. Some of his sculptured pieces are kept in the Ghalib Academy, New Delhi, and the Raza Library at Rampur is preparing a suitable section for display of his masterpieces.



PUBLICATIONS DIVISION
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION & BROADCASTING
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

The boat has reached
the shore
Then why O Ghalib
This complaint
That the boatman
Was cruel
and unjust.

आज का जवाब है जो है आ जग गा गिब !
जो है ना खल का हि

